

KELOWNA COURIER

AND OKANAGAN ORCHARDIST.

VOLUME 2.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1906.

NUMBER 26.

Okanagan Fruit and Land Co. Ltd.

F. R. E. DeHart, Manager.

As we have disposed of most of our land, we find that we have more horses, implements, sheep, and seed wheat, than we require. So will dispose of same at a bargain.

ALL ATTENTION TO

The Big Store

Good bye to old stock. The Mission goods have gone and we are now devoting our time showing snaps in new and Up-to-Date articles. Have a look at list below.

See Bargains Displayed in window of Big Store.

Snaps of Up-to-Date Goods at the Big Store.

Ladies' Mantles.

Reg. Price.	Sale Price.	Reg. Price.	Sale Price.
\$14.00	\$9.00	\$13.50	\$8.50
11.00	6.75	8.50	5.50
8.00	5.00	4.00	2.50

Ladies' Golf Jackets and Capes.

REGULAR PRICE.		SALE PRICE.	
\$3.75		\$2.50	
3.50		2.25	

Ladies' Skirts.

Reg. Price.	Sale Price.	Reg. Price.	Sale Price.
\$6.50	\$4.50	\$6.00	\$3.90
5.00	3.50	4.00	2.65
3.75	2.50	3.50	2.50

Ladies' Blouses

Reg. Price.	Sale Price.	Reg. Price.	Sale Price.
\$3.00	\$1.95	\$2.50	\$1.65
2.00	1.25	1.75	1.00
1.50	.90	.75	.50

Ladies' Wrappers.

Reg. Price.	Sale Price.	Reg. Price.	Sale Price.
\$3.00	\$1.95	\$2.75	\$1.75
2.00	1.25	1.25	.90

Misses and Childs Cloth Mantles.

Reg. Price.	Sale Price.	Reg. Price.	Sale Price.
\$8.50	\$5.75	\$8.00	\$5.25
4.50	3.00	4.00	2.75
3.75	2.65	3.00	1.95
2.00	1.25	1.25	.75

Ladies and Childrens Furs, Knitted Wool Goods, Fancy Collars and Ties, at Half Price

Lequime Bros. & Co.

KELOWNA, B. C.

PHONE NO. 22.

CITY COUNCIL.

The first meeting of the new city council was held on Monday, Jan. 22. Mayor Raymer and all the aldermen were present. After taking the oath of office, the following committees were arranged: FINANCE. Aldermen Sutherland, Rowcliffe and Willits. HEALTH. Aldermen Buckland, Rowcliffe and Willits. BOARD OF WORKS. Aldermen Rowcliffe, Fletcher and Buckland.

Mr. H. Cole interviewed the council in regard to a sidewalk on Richter St. and the opening up of streets running east and west on the south side of Bernard Ave.

Mr. H. Millie submitted a proposal for a city telephone franchise.

After discussion, both matters were remitted to the Board of Works.

The following accounts were passed and ordered to be paid:

Jos. Ball, poll clerk fee... \$3.00
M. G. Gorrie, auditing... 5.00

Ald. Sutherland was recommended to the Government for appointment to the Police Commission, and Ald. Buckland for the Licence Commission.

It was moved by Ald. Willits, seconded by Ald. Rowcliffe, and carried, that By-Law No. 10 amending By-Law No. 1 be read a first time. Council then adjourned.

The council met on Monday, Jan. 29, the Mayor and all the aldermen being present.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Some communications were read, when Mr. G. A. Thompson waited on the council with reference to a grant in aid of the Kelowna Band, and also with regard to the opening of streets through Blocks 30, 31, 32, 33. Alds. Fletcher and Buckland moved that a grant of \$25.00 be given the band, but the motion was lost. On the motion of Alds. Sutherland and Willits, the opening of the streets was referred to the Board of Works for report to next meeting of council. To the same body was also referred Mr. Millie's application for a telephone franchise.

The account of C. Blackwood for meals to prisoners, grading and teaming, total \$25.25, was passed and ordered to be paid.

A number of motions relating to different matters were carried as under.

Moved by Alds. Buckland and Willits, and carried.

That By-Law No. 10 amending By-Law No. 1 be read a second time.

Moved by Alds. Buckland and Fletcher, and carried:

That By-Law No. 10 amending By-Law No. 1 be read a third time and finally passed.

Moved by Alds. Rowcliffe and Sutherland, and carried:

That By-Law No. 11 appointing a medical health officer be read the first time.

Moved by Alds. Sutherland and Rowcliffe, and carried:

That the council receive applications for the position of city constable at a salary of \$60.00 per month.

Moved by Alds. Fletcher and Sutherland, and carried:

That tenders be called for a sidewalk along the east side of

Richter St., from Bernard Ave. to the south-west corner of the school property, and from the south-west corner of Bernard Ave. and Richter St. north to a point below Mr. Leckie's house.

Moved by Alds. Sutherland and Rowcliffe, and carried:

That the Mayor appoint a special committee to enquire into the possibilities of getting a system of fire protection.

The Mayor appointed as the committee Alds. Sutherland, Rowcliffe and Willits.

Council adjourned.

PERSONALS.

Mr. King Kennedy arrived from Chelan, Wash., on Saturday, and gave an exhibition of juggling and ventriloquism the same evening in Raymer's Hall, which was fairly well patronized. Some of his tricks were very good, and he is an excellent ventriloquist, some of the dialogues between himself and the puppets being very humorous.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Pitcairn returned from California on Wednesday, after a sojourn there of several months. Their many friends are glad to see them return.

Mr. G. K. Salvage returned from Vernon and Armstrong on Wednesday. He is investigating the feasibility of forming a district municipality for Mission Valley, exclusive of the City of Kelowna. A meeting will be arranged shortly at which the treasurer of Spallumcheen Municipality will be present and give valuable information as to the standing of that district.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church have decided to give a St. Valentine's tea in the K. P. Hall, on 14th February.

Subscriptions to the Hospital.

(Collected by Mr. J. Gruyelle)

W. Alcock	\$1.00
F. M. Connelly	1.00
Edward Delporte	.50
T. Hereron	2.00
R. Draper	1.00
A. Berard	.50
Vincenzo Rizzo	2.00
Gruyelle Bros.	5.00
A. J. Lefebvre	5.00
J. Conlin	5.00
J. J. Carney	5.00
M. Hereron	2.00
W. F. Bouvette	2.00
J. A. Roy	2.00

M. J. Henry's

Nurseries, Greenhouses, and Seed House, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Headquarters for Pacific Coast Grown garden, flower, and field seeds. New crop now in stock and on test in our greenhouses. Ask your merchant for them in sealed packages. If he does not handle them, we will mail 50 assorted 5c packets of vegetable and flower seeds (our own selection suitable for B. C. gardens) for \$1.00 post paid. Special prices on our bulk seeds.

B. C. Grown Fruit & Ornamental Trees Now Ready

For spring shipment. Extra nice stock of 2 and 3 year apple trees at \$20.00 per 100, \$180.00 per 1000; Maynard plum \$1.00 each. Italian Prune, 2 year fine, \$25. per 100. Sugar Prune, 2 year fine, \$30. per 100. Full list of other stock at regular prices. No expense, loss or delay of fumigation or inspection. Let me price your list before placing your order.

Greenhouse Plants, Fruit Packages, Floral work, Bee Supplies, Fertilizers, etc. Catalogue Free.

M. J. HENRY,

3010 Westminster Rd., Vancouver, B. C.

EBEN HOLDEN

By IRVING BACHELLER

Copyright, 1900, by LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

He cut some boughs of hemlock growing near us and spread them in a little hollow. That done, we covered them with the oilcloth and sat down comfortably by the fire. Uncle Eb had a serious look and was not inclined to talk or story telling. Before turning in he asked me to kneel and say my prayer as I had done every evening at the feet of my mother. I remember clearly kneeling before my old companion and hearing the echo of my small voice there in the dark and lonely woods.

I remember, too, and even more clearly, how he bent his head and covered his eyes in that brief moment. I had a great dread of darkness and imagined much evil of the forest, but somehow I had no fear if he were near me. When we had fixed the fire and lain down for the night on the fragrant hemlock and



It was a big bass.

covered ourselves with the shawl, Uncle Eb lay on one side of me and old Fred on the other, so I felt secure indeed. The night had many voices there in the deep wood. Away in the distance I could hear a strange, wild cry, and I asked what it was, and Uncle Eb whispered back, "It's a loon." Down the side of the mountain a shrill bark rang in the timber, and that was a fox, according to my patient oracle. Anon we heard the crash and thunder of a falling tree and a murmur that followed in the wake of the last echo.

"Big tree fallin'," said Uncle Eb as he lay gazing. "It has t' break a way t' the ground, an' it must hurt. Did ye notice how the woods tremble? If we was up above them we could see the hole the tree had made. Jes' like an open grave till the others hev filled it with their tops."

My ears had gone deaf with drowsiness when a quick stir in the body of Uncle Eb brought me back to my senses. He was up on his elbow listening, and the night had sunk to a glimmer. Fred lay shivering and growling beside me. I could hear no other sound.

"Be still," said Uncle Eb as he boxed the dog's ears. Then he rose and began to stir the fire and lay on more wood. As the flame leaped and threw its light into the tree tops a shrill cry like the scream of a frightened woman, only louder and more terrible to hear, brought me to my feet crying. I knew the source of it was near us and ran to Uncle Eb in a fearful panic.

"Hush, boy," said he as it died away and went echoing in the far forest. "I'll take care o' you. Don't be scared. He's more 'fraid uv us than we are o' him. He's makin' off now."

We heard then a great crackling of dead brush on the mountain above us. It grew fainter as we listened. In a little while the woods were silent.

"It's the ol' man o' the woods," said Uncle Eb. "'E's out takin' a walk."

"Will he hurt folks?" I inquired.

"Tow!" he answered. "Jes' as harmless as a kitten."

CHAPTER III.

NATURALLY there were a good many things I wanted to know about "the ol' man o' the woods," but Uncle Eb would take no part in any further conversation.

So I had to lie down beside him again and think out the problem as best I could. My mind was never more acutely conscious, and it gathered many strange impressions, wandering in the kingdom of fear, as I looked up at the tree tops. Uncle Eb had built a furious fire, and the warmth of it made me sleepy at last. Both he and old Fred had been snoring a long time when I ceased to hear them. Uncle Eb woke me at daylight in the morning and said we must be off to find the trail. He left

me by the fire a little while and went looking on all sides and came back no wiser. We were both thirsty and started off on rough footing without stopping to eat. We climbed and crawled for hours, it seemed to me, and everywhere the fallen tree trunks were heaped in our way. Uncle Eb sat down on one of them awhile to rest.

"Like the bones o' the dead," said he as he took a chew of tobacco and picked at the rotten skeleton of a fallen tree. We were both pretty well out of breath and of hope also, if I remember rightly, when we rested again under the low hanging boughs of a basswood for a bite of luncheon. Uncle Eb opened the little box of honey and spread some of it on our bread and butter. In a moment I noticed that half a dozen bees had lit in the open box.

"Lord Harry, here's honeybees!" said he as he covered the box so as to keep them in and tumbled everything else into the basket. "Make haste now, Willie, and follow me with all yer might," he added.

In a minute he let out one of the bees and started running in the direction it flew. It went but a few feet and then rose into the tree top.

"He's goin' t' git up into the open air," said Uncle Eb. "But I've got his bearin's, an' I guess he knows the way all right."

We took the direction indicated for a few minutes, and then Uncle Eb let out another prisoner. The bee flew off a little way and then rose in a slanting course to the tree tops. He showed us, however, that we were looking the right way.

"Them little fellers hev got a good compass," said Uncle Eb as we followed the line of the bees. "It p'int's home ev'ry time an' never makes a mistake."

We went farther this time before releasing another. He showed us that we had borne out of our course a little, and as we turned to follow there were half a dozen bees flying around the box as if begging for admission.

"Here they are back ag'in," said Uncle Eb, "an' they've told a lot o' their cronies 'bout the man an' the boy with honey."

At length one of them flew over our heads and back in the direction we had come from.

"Ah, ha," said Uncle Eb, "it's a bee tree, an' we've passed it, but I'm goin' t' keep lettin' 'em in an' out. Never heard o' a swarm o' bees goin' fur away, an' so we mus' be near the clearin'."

In a little while we let one go that took a road of its own. The others had gone back over our heads. This one bore off to the right in front of us, and we followed. I was riding in the basket and was first to see the light of the open through the tree tops. But I didn't know what it meant until I heard the hearty hurrah of Uncle Eb.

We had come to smooth footing in a grove of maples, and the clean trunks stood up as straight as a granite column. Presently we came out upon wide fields of corn and clover, and as we looked back upon the grove it had a rounded front, and I think of it now as the vestibule of the great forest.

"It's a reg'lar big tomb," said Uncle Eb, looking back over his shoulder into the gloomy cavern of the woods.

We could see a log house in the clearing, and we made for it as fast as our legs would carry us. We had a mighty thirst, and when we came to a little brook in the meadow we lay down and drank and drank until we were fairly grunting with fullness. Then we filled our teapots and went on. Men were reaping with their cradles in a field of grain, and as we neared the log cabin a woman came out in the doorway and, lifting a shell to her lips, blew a blast that rushed over the clearing and rang in the woods beyond it. A loud halloo came back from the men.

A small dog rushed out at Fred, barking, and, I suppose, with some lack of respect, for the old dog laid hold of him in a violent temper and sent him away yelping. We must have presented an evil aspect, for our clothes were torn and we were both limping with fatigue. The woman had a kindly face and, after looking at us a moment, came and stooped before me and held my small face in her hands, turning it so she could look into my eyes.

"You poor little critter," said she; "where you goin'?"

Uncle Eb told her something about my father and mother being dead and our going west. Then she hugged and kissed me and made me very miserable, I remember, wetting my face with her tears, that were quite beyond my comprehension.

"Jethro," said she as the men came into the yard, "I want ye t' look at this boy. Did ye ever see such a cunning

little critter? Jes' look at them bright eyes!" And then she held me to her breast and nearly smothered me and began to hum a bit of an old song.

"Yer full o' mother love," said her husband as he sat down on the grass a moment. "Lost her only baby, an' the good Lord has sent no other. I swan, he has got purty eyes. Jes' as blue as a May flower. Ain't ye hungry? Come right in, both o' ye, an' set down t' the table with us."

They made room for us, and we sat down between the bare elbows of the hired men. I remember my eyes came only to the top of the table, so the



"Orphan, eh?"

good woman brought the family Bible, and, sitting on that firm foundation, I ate my dinner of salt pork and potatoes and milk gravy—a diet as grateful as it was familiar to my taste.

"Orphan, eh?" said the man of the house, looking down at me.

"Orphan," Uncle Eb answered, nodding his head.

"God fearin' folks?"

"Best in the world," said Uncle Eb.

"Want t' bind 'im out?" the man asked.

"Couldn't spare 'im," said Uncle Eb decisively.

"Where ye goin'?"

Uncle Eb hesitated, groping for an answer, I suppose, that would do no violence to our mutual understanding.

"Goin' t' heaven," I ventured to say presently, an answer that gave rise to conflicting emotions at the table.

"That's right," said Uncle Eb, turning to me and patting my head.

"We're on the road t' heaven, I hope, an' ye'll see it some day, sartin sure, if ye keep in the straight road and be a good boy."

After dinner the good woman took off my clothes and put me in bed while she mended them. I went asleep then and did not awake for a long time. When I got up at last, she brought a big basin of water and washed me with such motherly tenderness in voice and manner that I have never forgotten it. Uncle Eb lay sleeping on the lounge, and when she had finished dressing me Fred and I went out to play in the garden. It was supper time in a little while, and then again the woman winded the shell and the men came up from the field. We sat down to eat with them, as we had done at noon, and Uncle Eb consented to spend the night after some urging. He helped them with the milking and as I stood beside him shot a jet of the warm white flood into my mouth that tickled it so I ran away laughing.

The milking done, I sat on Uncle Eb's knee in the dooryard with all the rest of that household, hearing many tales of the wilderness and of robbery and murder on Paradise road. I got the impression that it was a country of unexampled wickedness and ferocity in men and animals. One man told about the ghost of Burnt bridge—how the bridge had burnt one afternoon and how a certain traveler in the dark of the night, driving down the hill above it, fell to his death at the brink of the culvert.

"An' every night since then," said the man very positively, "ye can hear him drivin' down that hill jes' as plain as ye can hear me talkin'—the rattle o' the wheels an' all. It stops sudden, an' then ye can hear 'im hit the rocks way down there at the bottom o' the gulley an' groan an' groan. An' folks say it's a curse on the town for leavin' the hole open."

"What's a ghost, Uncle Eb?" I whispered.

"Sumthin' like a swift," he answered, "but not so powerful. We heard a panther las' night," he added, turning to our host. "Hollered like sin when he see the fire."

"Scart!" said the man o' the house, gaping. "That's what ailed him. I've lived twenty year on Paradise road, an' it was all woods when I put up the cabin. Seen deer on the doorstep an' bears in the garden, an' panthers in the fields. But I tell ye there's no critter so terrible as a man. All the animals know 'im—how he roars an' spits fire an' smoke an' lead so it goes through a body or bites off a leg, mebber. Guess they'd made friends with me, but them I didn't kill went away smartin' with holes in 'em. An' I guess they told all their people 'bout me—the terrible critter that walked on his hind legs an' hed

a white face an' drew up an' split 'is teeth into their vitals 'cross a ten acre lot. An' purty soon they concluded they didn't want t' hev no truck with me. They thought this clearin' was the valley o' death, an' they got very careful. But the deer they kep' peekin' in at me. Sumthin' funny 'bout a deer—they're no c'ryuns. Seem's though they loved the look o' me an' the taste o' the tame grass. Mebbe God meant em t' serve in the yoke some way an' be the friend o' man. They're the outcasts o' the forest, the prey o' the other animals, an' men like 'em only when they're dead. An' they're the purtiest critters alive an' the spriest an' the mos' graceful."

"Men are the mos' terrible of all critters, an' the meanest," said Uncle Eb. "They're the only critters that kill fer fun."

"Bedtime," said our host, rising presently. "Got t' be up early 'n the mornin'."

We climbed a ladder to the top floor of the cabin with the hired men, of whom there were two. The good lady of the house had made a bed for us on the floor, and I remember Fred came up the ladder, too, and lay down beside us. Uncle Eb was up with the men in the morning, and at breakfast time my hostess came and woke me with kisses and helped me to dress. When we were about going she brought a little wagon out of the cellar that had been a plaything of her dead boy and said I could have it. This wonderful wagon was just the thing for the journey we were making. When I held the little tongue in my hand I was halfway to heaven already. It had four stout wheels and a beautiful red box. Her brother had sent it all the way from New York, and it had stood so long in the cellar it was now much in need of repair. Uncle Eb took it to the tool shop in the stable and put it in shipshape order and made a little pair of ehills to go in place of the tongue. Then he made a big flat collar and a back pad out of the leather in old boot legs and rigged a pair of fugs out of two pieces of rope. Old Fred was quite cast down when he stood in harness between the shafts.

He waited patiently to have his collar fitted; he had grinned and panted and wagged his tail with no suspicion of the serious and humiliating career he was entering upon. Now he stood with a sober face, and his aspect was full of meditation.

"You fightin' hound!" said Uncle Eb. "I hope this 'll improve yer character."

Fred tried to sit down when Uncle Eb tied a leading rope to his collar. When he heard the wheels rattle and felt the pull of the wagon he looked back at it and growled a little and started to run. Uncle Eb shouted "Whoa!" and held him back, and then the dog got down on his belly and trembled until we patted his head and gave him a kind word. He seemed to understand presently and came along with a steady stride. Our hostess met us at the gate, and the look of her face when she bade us goodbye and tucked some cookies into my pocket has always lingered in my memory and put in me a mighty respect for all women. The sound of her voice, the tears, the waving of her handkerchief as we went away are among the things that have made me what I am.

We stowed our packages in the wagon box, and I walked a few miles and then got into the empty basket. Fred tipped his head over once or twice, but got a steady gait in the way of industry after awhile and a more cheerful look. We had our dinner by the roadside on the bank of a brook an hour or so after midday and came to a little village about sundown. As we were nearing it there was some excitement among the dogs, and one of them tackled Fred. He went into battle very promptly, the wagon jumping and rattling until it turned bottom up. Re-enforced by Uncle Eb's cane, he soon saw the heels of his aggressor and stood growling savagely. He was like the goal in a puzzle maze, all wound and tangled in his harness, and it took some time to get his face before him and his feet free.

At a small grocery, where groups of men just out of the fields were sitting, their arms bare to the elbows, we bought more bread and butter. In paying for it Uncle Eb took a package out of his trousers pocket to get his change. It was tied in a red handkerchief, and I remember it looked to be about the size of his fist. He was putting it back when it fell from his hand heavily, and I could hear the clink of coin as it struck. One of the men who sat near picked it up and gave it back to him. As I remember well, his kindness had an evil flavor, for he winked at his companions, who nudged each other as they smiled knowingly. Uncle Eb was a bit cross when I climbed into the basket, and walked along in silence so rapidly it worried the dog to keep pace. The leading rope was tied to the stock of the rifle, and Fred's walking gait was too slow for the comfort of his neck.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Sultan of Morocco owes his well-organized army of 20,000 men, to which, in war time, 80,000 irregulars could be added, entirely to the Scotchman, Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, who draws a salary of \$35,000 a year.



WRITING WITH FIRE.

How a Boy and Girl Can Produce a Clever Little Show.

Did you ever see any one write his name with flame on a piece of paper without burning anything? The fire seems to travel over the surface until the letters are all outlined, and then it goes out. It looks very weird indeed, especially if the lights have been turned down, but it's nothing but a trick, and any boy or girl can do it. What you need is a few cents' worth of saltpeter, which you can buy at any apothecary's shop, and some pieces of



THE FIRE WRITING SHOW.

unsized paper. Drop the saltpeter into a bowl of water until no more will dissolve. Then take a wooden toothpick or any other sharpened stick, dip it in the saltpeter and write whatever you like on the paper.

A regular little show might be arranged by a clever boy, or a girl, either, for that matter. It might better be both. The boy could be stage manager and tell a wonderful little tale about the way his star conjurer had been spirited away to some Rider Haggard land, where she had learned some of the mysterious powers over fire known only to the natives of the novelist's strange land. He will then introduce mademoiselle the wizardess, who will proceed to do wonderful things with the fire. She will hold the paper and the match in her hand, and after saying the spell in the language of this strange "people of the mist" the fire will begin to travel over the paper, perhaps spelling a motto or outlining some weird or familiar animal. Of course if you got a good look at the papers you would see a pencil mark indicating where the match should be applied, but otherwise the paper would appear unmarked. The saltpeter dries quickly and on unglazed paper will not show.

THE FLOUR MERCHANT.

A Game of Words in Which You Must Be Quick and Careful.

The one who personates the flour merchant will try every way to dispose of his stock of flour, asking question after question of the others, who must in their answers be careful not to use these words—flour, I, yes or no, as they are forbidden, and the one who is caught using them will have to pay a forfeit.

The flour merchant must persevere in his endeavors to make the players use one of the interdicted words. For instance:

"Do you wish any flour today?"

"There is none required."

"But you will soon want it. Let me persuade you to take some."

"That is impossible."

"Why so? It is the very best flour. Just look at it. It is so very fine and white."

"The quality is a matter of indifference to me."

"But it will make such good, sweet bread. Do take some."

"You have had my answer."

"Have I? I must have forgotten it. What was it?"

"My answer was decidedly not any."

"But, madam, consider. It is a very reasonable price."

"I will not take any."

The flour merchant, having succeeded in making her say "I," proceeds to the next one.

Men's Necks.

According to the British Medical Journal, men's necks are longer than they used to be.

The Barber's Art.

The barber's art in Europe dates from the time of Alexander the Great, B. C. 330. He ordered every soldier to shave lest the beard should give a handle to his enemies.

Government Note Portraits.

In 1875 congress passed a law forbidding the engraving of the portraits of living men upon postage stamps, note or other government securities after that date. Previous to that time the honor had been given to several men of more or less political importance.

THE CLARION

KELOWNA, B. C.

HE CAN ATTEND TO HIS WORK NOW

Manitoba Man Cured by Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

He Echoes a Statement Made by
Thousands of the People of the
Prairies.

Groulx, Man., Dec. 18—(Special).—
Mr. Phyllis Normandeau, a well-known
resident of this place, is one of thou-
sands of Manitobans who have found
relief from pains and aches of Kidney
Disease in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr.
Normandeau is always ready to say
a good word for the remedy that
brought back his health.

"Yes, I can tell you Dodd's Kidney
Pills made a cure of me," he says. "I
had Kidney Disease for three years.
At times I got so bad I could hardly
attend to my work. I took just five
boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and my
pains and aches are all gone and
I can work as well as anybody. To
anybody who has trouble with their
kidneys all I can say is 'use Dodd's
Kidney Pills.'"

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure
sick kidneys. With well kidneys
you can't have Bright's Disease, Dia-
betes, Dropsy, Rheumatism or any of
those other fearful and fatal diseases
that spring from sick kidneys.

The Secretary of the Forestry Con-
vention has been informed by His Ex-
cellency the Governor General that
he will have much pleasure in open-
ing the Canadian Forestry Con-
vention in Ottawa on the 10th January
next.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps,
but is best when used in the Sunlight way.
Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

Congress of the U. S. has the larg-
est Republican majority in the his-
tory of the government. The house
has 250 Republican members out of a
total of 387 members. In the senate
there are 57 Republicans out of a total
membership of ninety.

A Very Sensitive Lady.

A young lady endowed with the
most sensitive nerves mentioned one
evening to a few friends assembled in
her drawing room that she had a hor-
ror of the rose. "The perfume of this
flower," said she, "gives me a severe
headache and faintness." The conver-
sation was interrupted by the visit of
a fair friend who wore a rosebud in
her hair. Our fair heroine turned
pale directly, tossed her arms and fell
gracefully in a swoon upon the otto-
man.

"What a strange nervous suscepti-
bility! What a delicate and impres-
sionable organization!" cried the spec-
tators. "For mercy's sake, madam, go
away! Don't you see that you have
caused this attack?"

"I?" replied the astonished lady.
"Yes, of course it is the perfume of
the rosebud in your hair."

"Really, if it is so I will sacrifice the
guilty flower, but judge before you
sentence."

The flower, detached from the head-
dress, was passed from hand to hand
among the spectators, but their solici-
tude soon gave way to a different emo-
tion. The fatal rosebud was an arti-
ficial one!—London Leader.

When Woman Shops.

There is a curious twist in woman's
nature that forbids her to go shopping
at the sales alone. She wants a length
of lace, a cheap skirt, a blouse. She
has the money in her pocket for the
purchase. But she must have compani-
onship. She arranges to meet other
women who have either no money or
no needs, and the companionship, hav-
ing/lunched together, go joyfully to the
purchase—a curious illustration of the
altruism of woman.

One may perhaps indicate the con-
trast—which may be to the feminine
advantage. A woman wants a new
hat. She issues invitations to intimate
friends to come and see her buy one.
A man wants a new hat. The selfish
beast never dreams of inviting his male
friends to spend an afternoon in seeing
him suited and fitted. Probably there
is no man living who, being in want of
a new evening suit, gave a friend the
delight of helping him in the choosing
of the cloth, the measuring and the
final fitting. And yet there are those
who think women have not so good a
time as men!—London Chronicle.

The Quality of "SALADA"

Ceylon Natural Green Tea is Unapproachable.
It is entirely free from dust, dirt and coloring
matter, therefore it is absolutely pure.
Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all Grocers.
Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

THRU TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

The Burlington Route take pleasure
in announcing the completion of ar-
rangements for the running of through
Tourist Sleeping Cars from Winnipeg
to Montreal for accommodation of
Canadian Excursionists on Monday,
Dec. 18th, Tuesday, Dec. 19th, Wed-
nesday, December 20th.

These cars will be of the latest
high grade pattern, and contain four-
teen sections, and the price for a
double berth (which will accommodate
two people, from Winnipeg to London
and intermediate points will be \$3.50,
and to points beyond London includ-
ing Toronto and Montreal will be
\$4.00. They will leave Winnipeg on
above dates at 17:20 via the Canadian
Northern to Emerson, Great Northern
to St. Paul, Burlington Route to Chi-
cago and Grand Trunk to destination.
Direct connections made at Winnipeg
and Morris with all trains from the
west.

Remember the dates, Dec. 18, 19 &
20, and be sure tickets are routed as
the car goes, viz: Can. Nor., Gt. Nor.
Burlington Route and Grand Trunk.
Reservations can be made through
any Canadian Northern Agent or by
telegram or by letter to the under-
signed:

Frank T. Lally, Travelling Passen-
ger Agent, Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg,
Man.; F. M. Rugg, N. W. P. A., St.
Paul, Minn.

Queen's university council will ask
the Ontario government for a grant
of \$75,000 for a biological building for
Queen's Medical College and \$7,500 a
year for maintenance.

The Modesty of Hokusai.

Young artists, not gaining distinction
early, have had various instances to
quote as showing that 'masterly per-
formance often came late in life. In
Dora Amsden's book on Japanese art
it is set forth that this is what the
celebrated Japanese artist Hokusai
wrote about himself: "From the age of
six I had a mania for drawing the
forms of things. By the time I was
fifty I had published an infinity of de-
signs, but all I have produced before
the age of seventy is not worth taking
into account. At seventy-five I learned
a little about the real structure of na-
ture—of animals, plants and trees,
birds, fishes and insects. In conse-
quence, when I am eighty I shall have
made still more progress. At ninety I
shall penetrate the mystery of things.
At a hundred I shall certainly have
reached a marvelous stage, and when I
am 110 everything I do—be it but a line
or dot—will be alive. I beg those who
live as long as I do to see if I do not
keep my word." Hokusai died in 1849
at the age of eighty-nine.

Margaret of Austria.

Bearded women have been very nu-
merous. The most noted of the num-
ber was the famous Margaret of Aus-
tria, appointed by Charles V. to be
governor of the Netherlands. She had
a long, stiff black beard and, conceiv-
ing the idea that it added to the majes-
ty of her appearance, was very careful
of it and so combed and trained it as
to make it seem much greater than it
was.

SELECTIONS

A TRAGIC ISLAND.

Life in Sakhalin, a Settlement For
Violent Convicts.

Sakhalin, the island which Japan is
now taking—or, rather, retaking—from
Russia, is the place to which Russia
sends her violent convicts. The con-
vict in Siberia has some liberty to con-
sole him for his detention, but the con-
vict in Sakhalin none. When a party
of convicts (having been pronounced
"violent" by the governor of the Si-
berian station) are landed in Sakhalin
the procession to the jail is as follows:
First among the prisoners come men
with fetters on their legs and linked
together in pairs, the clanking of their
chains making a lugubrious noise. Next
come half a dozen men, each without
fetters, but secured by the hands to a
long iron rod. Then follow female
prisoners, and after them, the most
affecting part of the whole, the wives
and children who have elected to
accompany into exile their husbands
and fathers. Behind them rumble
"telegas," or rough wagons, wherein
are transported baggage and those
children who are too young or infirm
to walk.

When on the march the prisoners are
allowed three pounds of bread and
one-half pound of meat each per diem,
and they are not forbidden to receive
alms. But when they arrive at their
destination their lot is a pitiful one.
Their cells are damp and fungus cov-
ered, their food is less than the allow-
ance during the journey, and their work
in the salt mines is most exhausting.
Most of the prisoners are very igno-
rant. Few of them can read, except-
ing the Caucasians, but they are all
put to the same laborious work, and in
the event of their being physically un-
able to perform their allotted tasks
their punishments are very cruel. The
English cat-o'-nine-tails is nothing to
the terrors of the "bodiga." In this in-
strument of torture the prisoner is so
fixed that he can neither move nor cry
out, and wire thongs, bound at the end
with pointed tin, strike his back at
frequent intervals.

Other tortures to which prisoners are
subjected are too dreadful to write
about, and during all these tortures the
prisoner is prevented by gags from ob-
taining even the poor relief of a
scream. Surely the horrors of the salt
mines of Ileskaya are nothing com-
pared with the abominations of Sakha-
lin.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Norway's Merchant Marine.

The earnings of the Norwegian mer-
chant marine, especially of vessels en-
gaged in the carrying trade between
foreign ports, constitute a large por-
tion of the national revenue. Norway's
merchant marine is fourth in size
among the merchant marines of the
world, being exceeded only by those of
the United Kingdom, the United States
and Germany. Its total tonnage is
nearly 1,500,000 tons as against 625-
000 tons for Sweden. Its total earnings
in 1902 were \$29,700,000 as against
\$13,400,000 earned by Swedish mer-
chantmen, while the amounts earned
by Norwegian vessels in carrying
freight between foreign ports only
were \$22,375,000 as against \$3,644,000
earned by Swedish vessels for similar
services.—Harper's Weekly.

Hacker and the Kaiser.

In recognition of his services in con-
nection with the decoration of Berlin
for the German royal wedding the
kaiser has conferred the fourth class
order of the crown on Professor Hack-
er, the well known artist. In obedi-
ence to the emperor's orders, the pro-
fessor sketched a design for the deco-
rations which pleased his majesty so
much that he exclaimed in his im-
pulsive manner: "Like that it shall
be done, and no one shall interfere.
Do just as you like." On the evening
before the entry into Berlin of the
Duchess Cecilia the kaiser drove over
the route to inspect the decorations
and, stopping at the opera house, looked
up at the artist standing on the roof.
Clapping his hands, he called out:
"Bravo! Bravo!"

No Poetry in His Soul.


Patrick—Phat's that yez dug up,
Moike? Mike—Only a clothespin. Pat-
rick (Indignant)—Only a clothespin,
is it! Oeh, but it's little poetry yez
have in y'r soul, Moike. T'ink av the
scores av shwate mouths that same
clothespin may have been-into.

Friendly Suggestion.

Borem—That five-year-old boy of
mine gets off some good things. This
morning at breakfast he said—Knox
(interrupting)—He should have them
copyrighted. Borem—Why? Knox—To
keep you from reproducing them.

A Drawback.

"Did your husband find that golf
improved his health?"
"Yes; it improved his health. But
unless he learns to play better it will
spoil his disposition."—Exchange.



YOU

NEED THIS.

We have a book we want everybody to read, and which costs no-
thing to obtain. It is the free descriptive booklet, telling all about
the most up-to-date publication in the world. It describes THE

Harmsworth Self-Educator

The book of knowledge—the knowledge of to-day. It concerns the life of the present—its ceaseless
activities, its far-reaching commerce, its mighty industries. Its scope is all-embracing,
as is evidenced by some of its articles given below.

How to Acquire Knowledge.

There are several ways of acquiring that all-round knowledge which
leads to success, but the least expensive and the surest is by a routine
of self-education. Evening schools and like systems are excellent
in their way, but they do not often fit in with the individual hours of
leisure.

A system, to be capable of universal application, must be one which
can be freely used at any time. Everyone has hours in a day which can
be devoted to study, odd hours which never seem somehow to suit
other people's convenience.

A System of Home Education.

This system is probably the best. At least the student can seize
precious minutes which would otherwise be wholly wasted. It is the
way we fill our minutes which counts. Moreover, the individual can
choose his own subjects and select the special means of culture which
best suit his requirements.

Of all books of instruction for home tuition the splendidly compiled
series of authoritative works known as the HARMSWORTH SELF-EDUCA-
TOR is laid out on a plan most calculated to be of real assistance. The
subjects are treated in an eminently practical way by the greatest
authorities.

THE SUBJECTS YOU CAN TEACH YOURSELF.

No matter what your particular business or your favorite aspirations, THE HARMSWORTH SELF-EDUCATOR
will help you, and help you in a way no other work can. Following are some of the subjects treated:

Art. Architecture. Carving. Biology. Psychology. Sociology. Philosophy. Religion. Building. Electricity. Fire. Chemistry. Upholstering. Banking. Medicine. Church. Scholarship. Law. Civil Service.	Applied Chemistry. Glass and Earthenware. Real Estate Agency. Auctioneering and Valuing. Cabinet Making. Drawing and Design. Civil Engineering. Applied Mechanics. Engineering Practice. Natural History. Applied Botany. Bacteriology. Natural Products. Physiology. Foods and Beverages. Printing and Publishing. Materials and Structures. Business Management. Military Engineering.	Arms and Am- munition. Army. Navy. Dress. Accountancy. Bee-keeping. Gardening. Geography. Astronomy. History. Ideas. Farming. Servants. Cookery. Dairy Farming. Laundry Work. Woodworking. Prime Movers.	Shorthand. Typewriting. Latin. English. French. German. Spanish. Italian. Esperanto. Literature. Journalism. Mathematics. Applied Edu- cation. Poetry Farm- ing. Leather. Music. Singing.	Health. Ill-health. Physics. Power. Geology. Metals. Minerals. Mining. Gas. Shopkeeper. Publicity. Textiles. Dyeing. Travel. Transit. Vehicles. Railways. Ships.
---	--	--	---	---

Send this coupon and we will send our **FREE** Illustrated Booklet.

Address C. H. MURRAY,
Yonge and King streets, Toronto.

Send free of all cost to me your illus-
trated booklet on The Harmsworth Self-
Educator.

Name _____

Address _____

W. R. P.
Dec. 05

Please remember that every subject here mentioned is set out in popular language; no one can fail to understand them. Understanding them,
you can, without the least difficulty, assimilate the information they yield. There is no easier way of acquiring knowledge.

CHURCHES.

ANGLICAN.

St. Michael and All Angels' Church.
REV. THOS. GREENE, B. A., RECTOR.
Holy Communion, first Sunday in the month at 8 a. m.; third and fourth Sunday, after morning prayer.
Morning prayer at 11 a. m.; evening prayer at 7.30 p. m.
Service at Summerland on second Sunday in the month; at Peachland on second Wednesday.

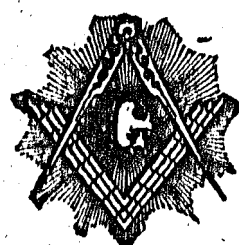
PRESBYTERIAN.

Knox Presbyterian Church, Kelowna.
Morning service at 11 a. m.; evening service at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.
Bennett Presbyterian Church.
Afternoon service at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m.
REV. A. W. K. HERDMAN, PASTOR.

METHODIST.

Kelowna Methodist Church.
Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Epworth League at 8.30 p. m. All welcome. Seats Free.
REV. A. HENDERSON, PASTOR.

LODGES.



A. F. & A. M.
St George's Lodge,
NO. 41.

Regular meetings
on Fridays on or
before full moon, at 8 p. m. in
Raymer's Hall. Sojourning
brethren cordially invited.

B. F. BOYCE, F. R. E. DEHART,
W. M. Secy.

L. O. L. NO. 1870.

Meets each Monday on or be-
fore full moon, in Raymer's Hall,
at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren are
welcome.

JAS. E. LYTLE, W. J. CLEMENT,
W. M. R. S.
N. B.—Next meeting, Feb. 5th.

J. F. BURNE

Solicitor,
Notary Public,
Conveyancer, etc.

KELOWNA, - - - B. C.

CHARLES HARVEY, B. A. Sc., C. E.,
D. L. S., B. C. L. S.
Civil Engineer & Land Surveyor,
Kelowna, B. C.

D. R. J. W. N. SHEPHERD
DENTIST.

OFFICE IN THE K. S. U. BUILDING.
KELOWNA, B. C.

H. W. Raymer

Building Contractor and dealer in
Doors, Sash, Mouldings, etc.
Plans Specifications and Estimates
prepared for all classes of work.

Kelowna, B. C.

South Okanagan Valley

Bureau of information of the South
Okanagan Valley and for a list of
property for sale, improved farms,
Penticton T. S. Coy's lots, etc. Apply to

Wm. Smythe Parker

General Real Estate Agent, who will
always cheerfully give prompt and
best attention to all inquiries from in-
tending investors.

PENTICTON, B. C.

Mission Valley

Livery, Feed and
Sale Stable

Good Horses and Rigs always ready
for the roads. Commercial men accom-
modated on short notice. Freightage
and Draying a specialty.

C. Blackwood, Prop.

BALL BROS.

WHOLESALE AND
RETAIL DEALER IN

Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal,
Sausage, Smoked and
Salt Meats, Poultry,
Fish and Game
in Season.

All orders promptly attend-
ed to. Free delivery to any
part of the city

Opposite, Thos.
Lawson Store.

THE KELOWNA COURIER

AND
Okanagan Orchardist.

Owned and Edited by
GEO. C. ROSE, M. A.

\$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

News of social events and communications in
regard to matters of public interest will be
gladly received for publication, if authenti-
cated by the writer's name and address, which
will not be printed if so desired. No
matter of a scandalous, libelous or personal
nature will be accepted.
To ensure acceptance, all manuscript should be
legibly written on one side of the paper only.
Typewritten copy is preferred.
The COURIER does not necessarily endorse the
sentiments of any contributed article.

Advertising Rates

Transient Advertisements—Not exceeding one inch,
one insertion, 50c; two insertions, 75c; four in-
sertions, \$1.00.

Lodge Notices, Professional Cards, and Similar Matter—
\$1.00 per inch, per month.

Land and Legal Notices—B. C. Gazette rates.

Reading Notices amongst Locals—Same rate as Trans-
ient Advertisements.

Contract Advertisements—Rates arranged accord-
ing to space taken.

Contract advertisers will please notice that all
changes of advertisements must be handed
to the printer by Monday evening to ensure
publication in the current issue.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1906.

Free Trade in Railways.

Several years ago the Coast
cities aroused much animosity
in Southern British Columbia by
their consistent opposition to the
entry of American railways into
that portion of the province.
The people of the Boundary
section will long remember the
desperate efforts made by such
public bodies as the Victoria
Board of Trade and by the Coast
press to defeat various applica-
tions for railway charters made
by Mr. D. C. Corbin in 1897, 1898
and 1899. The final struggle
which gave the Great Northern
entrance along the Kettle River
was a bitter one, and so intense
was the local feeling against the
Coast for the part it had borne
in opposition that it was actually
proposed to institute a boycott
against wholesalers there as a
measure of retaliation. Vancou-
ver has since learned a lesson,
and now that the Great Northern
has furnished competition little
is heard of the old cry that the
country was being drained of its
resources to feed the hungry
American maw. Not so Victo-
ria, that abode of Rip Van
Winkleism. Throughout all the
strenuous fight for competitive
railways only one paper in that
city steadfastly advocated free
trade in transportation and that
was the Times. Now we find a
paper which professes to be
modern sleepily bestirring itself
and raising the ancient cry that
the American railways are im-
poverishing British Columbia
and enriching their own country.
The Victoria Week, of Jan. 20,
indulges in the following:

"Some 'loyal' Canadians, of
the Duncan Ross type, take
credit to themselves for having
smoothed the path of American
railroad corporations who wish
to exploit southern British Col-
umbia for the benefit of United
States cities and smelters. In
advocating this course it was
suspected at the time, and is now
known, that they were not look-
ing to the future, but to the
present realization of material
benefit, on the basis of the
ancient proverb, 'A bird in the
hand is worth two in the bush.'
Nearly a year after the initiation
of their policy Great Northern
train crews still live on the
American side of the line, and
work on the Canadian side. No
round-house has been built, no
construction or repair shop
erected. Coal and coke are still
hailed out of Canada, through
United States territory 300 miles,
then back into Canada. Not one
reduction has been effected in
transportation rates. There is

no competition in this regard.
Twelve train crews have been
laid off in Nelson alone, because
their work is now done by
American crews in United States
territory. Canada will pay
dearly for the temporary aberration
under the influence of which
she conceded 'free trade' in
railway policy to a protectionist
rival."

Now, what are the real results
of railway competition in the
Boundary mining district and in
the coal mining country round
Fernie? When the C. P. R. had
a monopoly both of the ore ton-
nage from Phoenix to Grand Forks
and the coke and coal tonnage
from the Crow's Nest, the Gran-
by smelter at Grand Forks was
constantly short of coke, and the
production of ore at the Phoenix
mines was limited to the carry-
ing power of the C. P. R. service.
Since the advent of the Great
Northern, the Granby company
has been able to increase its ore
production 1,000 tons per day,
and also to smelt the total quan-
tity mined, necessitating a larger
force both at mine and smelter.
It is safe to say the increase of
pay-roll represents an additional
\$10,000 per month at the Granby
alone. In addition, the Dominion
Copper Co., encouraged by the
improved shipping facilities, has
renewed operations with a large
staff of men both at Phoenix and
at its Boundary Falls smelter.
Adding several smaller prop-
erties which have joined the ship-
ping list during the past year, a
conservative estimate would
place the increased pay-roll in
the Boundary directly due to the
advent of the Great Northern at
\$20,000. Against this put the
loss alleged by the Week of the
wages of twelve train crews laid
off in Nelson alone, which means
the Boundary, (Nelson to Mid-
way being the division), and
take the monthly wage per crew
in round figures at \$500. for
engineer, fireman, conductor
and two brakemen, making an
aggregate loss of \$6,000. per
month. If enquiry is made, it
will doubtless be discovered that
many of those men are not laid
off altogether, but are employed
on other runs, so that what may
be a loss to the Boundary is a
distinct gain to some other parts
of the Province. But, granting
the Week's figures to be correct,
even then is there not a large
benefit shown to the Boundary?
By competition, the freight on
ore from Phoenix to the Granby
smelter has been reduced from
40c to 25c per ton, a considerable
aid to the Granby company in
paying their last dividend of
\$405,000. So is disposed of the
Week's statement that not one
reduction has been made in
freight rates. The fact that
some American train men live on
their own side of the line while
running into Canada daily is
trivial compared to the benefits
derived by increased transporta-
tion facilities. Train men are
not guided by sentiment; they
live where it is convenient to
their work, as in the case of the
men employed on the ore trains
from Phoenix, who to a man
have their homes in Grand Forks
or Phoenix, according to the ar-
rangement of their run. That
coke and coal are hauled out of
Canada through the U. S., and
into Canada again, has proved a
Godsend to mines and smelters
all through the Kootenays which
are no longer dependent on the
vagaries of a road proverbially
short of cars and insolent to its
patrons when possessed of mon-
opoly. It is such papers as the
Week that would tie up the rich
Similkameen as a fat preserve
until such time as the lordly C.
P. R. would condescend to dis-
cover it through its ancient, horn
spectacles. The long-suffering
people of that district have been
well nigh in a state of revolt for
the past ten years, because they
have been denied the facilities to
which their natural treasures
long ago entitled them, and they
hail the approach of the Great
Northern as the key to the
vaults wherein those treasures
are locked. To them free trade
in railways is no bugaboo; they
welcome the enterprise that can
develop a country and enrich
them as well as the promoters.
To them and to such of us who
have been through the same ex-
perience the vapourings of the
Week sound like the feeble
pleadings of a devil's advocate.

Carbo Magnetic Razors

Require no honing. Money back if not
satisfactory and you are the judge.

The Bing Crystal Lamp Burner
Gives 1/3 more light, same amount of oil.

Swiss Pruning Shears
Boker's pruning Shears, also other best
makes.

Alabastine
Cold Water wall colors. Sherwin
Williams Co. Floor Lac, Floor Paint,
etc., etc., etc.

D. LECKIE,

Kelowna Hardware Store.

H. C. Stillingfleet

Real Estate Agent

Kelowna, B. C.

I have for sale at reasonable
prices Improved and Unimproved
Farms, Fruit Lands and
Townsite Property of every des-
cription.

Watch this space for bargains.

The Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

Capital, all paid up, \$14,000,000. Rest, \$10,000,000.
Undivided Profits \$801,855.41

Head Office, Montreal

Hon. Pres., Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal G. C. M. G.
President, Hon. Sir Geo. A. Drummond, K. C. M. G.
Vice-President, E. S. Clouston, Esq.,

Why keep your money where it is liable to be lost,
stolen, or burned, when you can place it safely in
our Savings Department. We sell

Bank Money Orders

Payable all over Canada, (Yukon excepted) at low
rates, also Drafts on our Branches in

Canada, England and

United States : : : :

Banking by Mail.

Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail. Out-of-town ac-
counts receive every attention.

Okanagan District.

G. A. HENDERSON, Manager, Vernon

ARMSTRONG

ENDERBY.

E. S. V. McClintock, Sub-Agent

E. A. Taylor, Sub-Agent.

KELOWNA, P. DuMoulin, Sub-Agent.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

ROUGH OR DRESSED.

Shingles, Lath, Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Etc.

Kelowna Saw Mill Co'y

THEIR MAY FLITTING

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

"The au-dac-ty!"

Elizabeth Brown's eyes flashed, and she threw the note from her angrily, then picked it up at the inquiring look of her mother.

"Read that!" she commanded hotly.

Mrs. Brown took the letter and read it meekly. It was brief:

My Dear Miss Betty—I have just left the house. It is down in the country and near the seashore and has piazzas and an apple orchard—in short, is an ideal home for a young married couple. Will call to-morrow and go into details more fully. Faithfully yours, JAMES GRAHAM.

Mrs. Brown looked up with a pleased flutter.

"I didn't know it had—had gone so far, Elizabeth," she said eagerly, "that you were engaged. When?"

"We are not engaged," sharply, "and never will be. I have thought Mr. Graham a very pleasant man and have liked him, and he has called on me quite often lately, but there has never been a word of—of love spoken, and now this note! It is positively insulting! Mother, we must commence packing at once and move this very afternoon."

"Why, child, we can't," in startled dismay. "It will take a week at least. You know."

"I know we shall be out of this house before night!" vehemently. "I shall go and engage a moving van at once to carry our goods to the station, and I will have them taken to the little station just beyond the limits of the town. It will cost a few dollars more, but it will hide all trace of our whereabouts. Mr. Graham will be here tomorrow to go into details—the presumptuous wretch! I'm sorry I ever spoke to him about our plans to hire a quiet place for the summer. Now, mother, you go, and be packing your clothes and valuables. I shall tell the van man to be here in an hour, and we must be ready."

"Yes, dear," meekly, "but where shall we go?"

"Why, to—Oh, anywhere! It doesn't really matter. Suppose we try that little place where we had two weeks' outing last summer—Orchardville, you know. It's real country there, with solitary walks and gardens in every yard and country people coming in with things to sell. Rent must be cheap there, and by offering enough we can get some sort of house, or, if we can't, we'll hire part of one or rooms. Anyway we haven't time to engage one ahead now."

"Orchardville is where we first met Mr. Graham, isn't it?"

"Is it? Why, yes. I believe you are right, mother, but, you know, he told us he was just down there for a few days' fishing and that he didn't get a bite, so, of course, we wouldn't meet him again. Men never go fishing twice to the same place when they have had luck. Now, please hurry, mother."

The next afternoon they were standing on the front porch of a pretty vine covered cottage, superintending the removal of their goods from the local delivery wagon. The indignation still burned in Elizabeth's eyes. Mrs. Brown looked tired and plaintive.

"I do hope we can stay here, Elizabeth," she sighed, "but the postmaster seemed slow in giving up the key and wouldn't promise us the house sure."

"We'll stay all right, mother; don't you worry. The house was to rent and the key left with the postmaster for prospective tenants. What if the owner did write to him about an old maid who was looking after a place for some young friends and that he would have her come down and see this. She hasn't put in an appearance yet, nor her young friends, and we were the first real applicants. Besides, we are in actual possession, and I was shrewd enough to force an advance rent into the postmaster's hands. Now help me swing this ham-mock on the piazza here and then you lie down in it for an hour's rest."

Two days later they were settled and the furniture was all arranged. Mrs. Brown was lying in the hammock behind the screen of vines, gazing pensively at Elizabeth, who had stopped reading and was now contemplating the closed book in her lap with unseeing eyes. There were solitary walks about this village, many of them, and the young girl was facing the fact that the walks represented the social condition of the place. The previous summer's outing had been pleasant, but there had been companionship to make it so.

The gate latch clicked, and Mrs. Brown was aroused by a stifled exclamation from Elizabeth. Coming up the walk was James Graham, and beside him was an angular, middle aged woman who was apparently refusing to be convinced.

"Tain't the kind of house I want, Mr. Graham," she was saying shrilly, "not in any way. There must be a bay window in the end for Della's plants

an' willers in front for her an' Tommy to set under. She said I needn't even look at a place without the willers."

"But let me show you through the house, Miss Brown," urged Graham. "I am sure you will like the arrangement, and there is a fine willow in the back yard which the young people can sit under. There wasn't time to go to my agent after the key, but I can get in one of the windows and open the back door from the inside. I'm sure!"

But the woman stopped short, turned and started back toward the gate.

"Willers in front," she repeated aggressively. "Them's the last words Della said. It's no use, Mr. Graham. I don't want it."

Graham watched her through the gate and up the sidewalk toward the station and then turned again to the house.

"Might as well run through it while I'm here," they heard him say, then: "Why, hello! Looks as if somebody lived in the house—curtains at the windows, and," as he came a few steps nearer, "hammocks swung on the piazza, and—Great Scott! Elizabeth—Miss Brown. You here! Well, well! This is luck."

Elizabeth was at the head of the steps now, an odd light in her face.

"Who was that woman, Mr. Graham?" she demanded.

"Belle Brown, a queer stick, who is looking after a house. A friend recommended her to me as a joke and I determined to retaliate by actually renting her the house. You have noticed how I failed. But is it really possible that you have rented my house from the postmaster?"

"We really have," Elizabeth answered smilingly, "though we did not dream it was yours."

"An uncle gave it to me several months ago, and you are my first tenants. It's jolly that you are to be here all summer. I like the place and have planned to come down after a few days for a long stay, but I did feel a little apprehensive about the social lonesomeness. It's odd, though, that you didn't give me some hint of your coming. I—He paused abruptly at something he saw in her face, adding suspiciously: "Did you get that letter I meant for Betty Brown, which she told me never reached her? Yes!" as the color rose swiftly to her face. "I see you did. He hesitated a moment, then leaned toward her boldly. "Suppose we let the letter stand, Elizabeth, just as it was written," he whispered. "It is what I really would have sent to you had I dared."

Elizabeth tried to frown, but the frown softened before it reached her eyes, and he was looking into her eyes. He was satisfied.

Didn't Satisfy the Magistrate. The other evening a man of the burglar type stepped up to an old gentleman and, handing him a piece of paper, said:

"Sir, would you be good enough to read me the writing on this piece of paper?"

The individual addressed consented and, moving toward the rays of a convenient gas lamp, read the following words:

"If you utter a cry or speak a single word I shall shoot you. Give me your watch and chain and your purse at once and then pass on."

Completely taken off his guard, the gentleman handed over the articles asked for and walked off. A few steps brought him to a policeman, and, relating his story, the pair proceeded in pursuit of the stranger, who was not yet out of sight.

Next morning before the magistrate the vagrant was called upon for an explanation.

"Your honor," he said, "I am not an educated man and can therefore neither read nor write. Last evening I picked up a piece of paper, and, it striking me that it might be of some importance, I took it to the first person I met and asked him to decipher it. The gentleman read it quietly to himself, and then, without saying a word, handed me his watch, chain and purse and walked off without giving me time to recover from my surprise or to ask him what he meant. It seemed to me that the paper possessed a certain value, and that he had given me the valuables as a reward for finding it."

But the magistrate gave him six months just the same.—London Tit-Bits.

The Quiet Answer. As a young and unknown man I went down to a certain sessions court on the Oxford circuit to prosecute for the crown in a case of extensive robbery from a goods shed of the London and Northwestern railway. Some ten or twelve of us, all members of the circuit, had accepted the invitation of a very good fellow, also an Oxford circuit man, to drive out that evening and dine with him at—manor. My case had duly come on and I had secured a verdict of "guilty" during the afternoon. Having changed into evening dress, I took my place in a private bus, together with my fellow guests, for the five miles' drive out. About halfway there I, as a newcomer, not having apparently been noticed by the rest (the inside of the vehicle was as dark as Erebus), a certain Mr. T., a great talker, asked in loud tones, "Who was the young idiot who prose-

cuted today in that railway case?" "I was," I promptly rejoined from my obscure corner, and I never knew a man relapse so quickly into silence before or since.—Fox Russell in Pall Mall Magazine.

Autograph Fans.

It was in China that the first autograph fans were seen, and they became very fashionable there long years ago. Some carefully preserved specimens have belonged to the emperors and their wives, while others have been given as diplomatic presents. A fan of this description, for instance, was presented by the Chinese ambassador to Mme. de Clauzel at the coronation of Napoleon I. In India the very first fans were supplied by nature in the spreading leaves of the lotus and palm, but screen fans soon became emblems of power there also, for they are not only mentioned in the great Hindoo poems "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana," but Brahma and Indra are represented in the ancient sculptures at Elephanta followed by slaves bearing the fly fan and parasol, which latter was also considered as an emblem of supreme power.

A Billion.

The word "billion" in England and the colonies means a million millions. In France and on the continent as well as in the United States it means a thousand millions.

THE FIREFLY.

Appreciation That Glows and Leaves Trail of Light Behind.

The night air of summer is resonant with the intensity of insect life. In every passing moment of stillness the fluttering hum becomes audible. Sometimes the buzz of a flying crab, the giant bug that seems impatient of its time in the air and eager to return to its home in the water, rises momentarily above the dull sound of diminutive insect life. The broad, undulating wings of the silk worm moth flap into and out of the little horizon of the enclosing night. Every light is surrounded by a varied swarm of dazzling insects, their diminutive forms casting sudden shadows along the ground and out into the darkness. A bat dances by in erratic haste, and from the upper air the muffled whistle of the invisible night hawk tells of the perpetual destruction of this swarming life. Close to the water against the invisible blackness of the banks of rushes a firefly trails a momentary thread of light, says an appreciative nature writer in The Toronto Globe. The moving spark shows so distinctly and impressively in the darkness that the eye follows along its imagined course eager for its reappearance. There is a fascination in this combined mystery of light and life. It appears again, upsetting all calculations as to speed and direction. During the eclipse it must have loitered and wandered. The phosphorescent glow trails along another irregular course and goes out.

The great, placid, indolent moon looks over the marsh, lighting up the open spaces, a few waving rushes sharply silhouetted against the clear circle of light. Down where the level rays cannot penetrate the shadows seem to grow darker, and there the firefly trails again his momentary torch. The spirit of the marsh is abroad, and these diminutive moving lights seem but struggling emanations from a great presence. The little span of light coming from the nowhere and vanishing into it again inspires the play of wandering fancies. It seems always emblematic of our own brief glance into the conscious universe. A muskrat swims across the open water, breaking its surface into a widening trail of quivering ripples, and the swift entangled threads of reflected moonlight chase one another away into the shadows of the dense banks of rushes. But the phosphorescent trail of the firefly drawn across the invisible background of shadow claims a keener interest than the more material life of the water and air.

The fireflies have only a few days of life in this aerial and luminous stage. They are then fully matured, and the bright glow that awakens so many fancies is the charm that brings them together in the fulfillment and perpetuation of their life. In their larval stage they are rotund, insignificant little crawlers, living in and upon the decayed trunks of trees. They might be mistaken for lady bugs that had lost their color in the close confinement of their prison. Some species are luminous in this stage, but the most familiar do not glow with light till they have passed through the inert chrysalis state and come forth in their perfection equipped for flight. The firefly lays over a hundred eggs, and these do not hatch out into larvae till the following spring. The glowing lights seem to be created and obscured at will as they seek their companions in the night. That moving glow impels the flight of wandering fancies. Fairies may pass away with the years of childhood, and the imaginary people of the night may fade into the light of common day, but the fireflies always inspire the creative fancy and transform the dim twilight into an evanescent and mysterious panorama.

Saved Sister by a Fish Hook. Eric Williams, the six-year-old son of Mr. H. Williams, merchant, of Fort Francis, Ont., was fishing at the lower dock at that place, accompanied by his sister Agnes, aged five years, when the latter fell into the water.

With rare presence of mind Eric dragged his line along till he hooked the little girl's dress and so pulled her along in the water to the edge of the wharf, whence he reached down and assisted her to safety.—Forest and Stream.

Kelway and the Customs

By Sherwood Boyd

Copyright, 1905, by R. B. McClure

"No," said Miss Clovis, "I do not think that this trip holds for me any especial souvenir."

"Nothing to remember, to recall, in after years as one of the patches of sunlight on life's checkered road?"

"Nothing," she said decidedly. "Three days of wretched seasickness and four days of storm tossed waters and seven days with an unhealthy mind."

"Do you care so much?" he asked softly. "I had hoped you had forgiven and forgotten."

"Really, Mr. Kelway," she said, "I am surprised that you should imagine for a moment that the incidents of last month still linger in my mind."

"Marjorie," he began softly. "Miss Clovis, if you please," she corrected.

"I said Marjorie," he repeated. "Miss Clovis does not please me just at present."

"Then Miss Clovis will withdraw her undesirable presence," she began. Kelway held her hand in an iron grip.

"It has taken me the entire trip to get you alone," he said. "I am going to



MISS CLOVIS SPANG TO THE TRAY, BUT KELWAY HAD SEEN.

hold you prisoner until you listen to an explanation."

"If you propose to use brute force I shall not make a scene," she said coldly, "but I have assured you a dozen times that I have no desire to reopen a dead issue."

"It is not a dead issue to me," he pleaded. "It is my very life."

"Who was it said that life was made up of trifles?" she asked. "I don't know and don't care," he said ungraciously. "The only thing I can think of at this present moment is that tomorrow morning we shall be on land and that unless I can make you see matters from my point of view I shall lose you forever."

"One cannot lose what one does not possess," she suggested.

"But I did possess your love," he said eagerly. "You did not tell me so in words, but there were little things—that night on Ben Nevis, for instance. The girl trembled. Even against the light gemmed shore of Staten Island she could see those misty heights; she could remember how she clung sobbing to Kelway, fearful of the danger."

He laid his hand upon hers. She shook it off, and there came the remembrance of another scene, a crowded railway station and Kelway, who had just left her, kissing a most attractive young woman as the train went on. This was the man she had given her heart to, a man who kissed others when they were as good as engaged.

"I wish," she said petulantly, "that you would not refer to that most unpleasant experience."

"I did not think it unpleasant. I am willing to be lost again—with you."

"Possibly your companion of the railway station might object," she sneered. "Have I not told you that the girl kissed me by mistake?" he asked.

"A very reasonable explanation," she commented.

"A man never does get credit when he tells the truth to a woman," commented Kelway. "Now, if I had said she was a cousin or something of that sort, would you have believed me?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply. "It is immaterial whether I believe you or not."

"It is not immaterial," he declared.

"I may have loved you," she said, "but whatever affection I felt for you is dead. I have put you out of my mind and heart. I have done with you forever, and if you were kind you would take yourself out of my life."

"Is that your wish?" he asked

softly. "Is there no hope?" "None at all," was the decisive reply. "I never want to see you again."

For one brief instant his hand crashed hers as it lay upon the rail. Then he had raised his cap and was gone. The light blinked and fluttered in an odd fashion. It might have been imagined that Miss Clovis was viewing these through tear dimmed eyes had she not savagely repeated: "I'm glad he's gone. I'm glad he's gone."

The customs officers invaded the cabin immediately after breakfast the next morning, and as the Wanderer steamed slowly up the bay the passengers made out their declarations.

Kelway had nothing to declare and stood on the deck watching the shipping, and not even when Miss Clovis passed did he take his eyes from the water. And, strange to say, Miss Clovis resented this literal compliance with her request.

She went to her stateroom, and Kelway did not see her again until she came to her trunks under the C's. He was sitting upon his own steamer trunk under the K's waiting for an inspector, and by the arrangement of the letters he was right beside Miss Clovis.

It was a very rude thing to do, but he watched as the inspector, suffering from an intermittent burst of official energy, dug down to the very bottom of her trunk.

On the top of the tray was a framed picture of himself, with a bit of leather inside the glass. Miss Clovis sprang to the tray, but Kelway had seen. He came forward.

"I am going back on the steamer tomorrow," he said to her.

"Why?" she asked as the blushes spread over her face.

"Since you do care after all I am going to get a sworn statement from that girl, the picture of the brother of hers she mistook me for, and his declaration that he was expected to arrive on the train by which I traveled."

"It is not necessary," she said softly.

"I found out after you left me last night that it was all right."

"Who could have told you?" he cried wonderingly.

Not even the customs officer heard the whispered "My heart," but Kelway was content.

"To think that I should not have spoken if that meddling customs inspector had not shown me that you still loved me," he cried wonderingly. "Unless I had seen that frame I should have had no hope."

The inspector still wonders why that ten dollar bill was thrust into his hand.

For Pleasant Dreams.

"It's not everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said Mrs. J. to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night with the family. "This room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in that bed, with his head right on those very pillows, and Mr. J. died sitting right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I can see him sitting there still. My own father died lying right on that sofa under the window. Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and he always said he'd appear in this room again after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight you'd better not tell me, for it would be a sign to me that there is something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first husband fell dead with heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer. Well, good night and pleasant dreams."—Tit Bits.

An Astute Lion.

A young lieutenant during an African campaign came one day upon a badly crippled lion. The great brute limped over the tawny sand on three paws, holding its fourth paw in the air. And every now and then, with a kind of groan, it would pause and lick the injured paw. When the lion saw the young lieutenant it came slowly toward him. He stood his ground, rifle in hand. But the beast meant no harm. It drew close to him. It rubbed against him with soft feline paws. It extended its hurt paw. The lieutenant examined the paw and found that there was a large thorn in it. He extracted the thorn, the lion roaring with pain, and he bound up the wound with his handkerchief. Then, with every manifestation of relief and gratitude, the animal withdrew. But it remembered its benefactor. It was grateful. And in a practical way it rewarded the young man. The lion ran over the regiment's list of officers and ate all who were the lieutenant's superiors in rank. Thus, in a few weeks, the young man, thanks to the astute animal, became a colonel.

The Roses of Britz.

Britz, a suburb of Berlin, is one large rose garden. The number of roses cut daily in season is about 13,000.

Pecan Nuts.

To remove pecan meats without breaking them, pour boiling water over the nuts and let them stand until cold. Then crack with a hammer, striking the small end of the nut.

BARGAINS BARGAINS BARGAINS

Iron Beds, all sizes, \$4.00 each. Linoleum 35c. per yard. Dressers and stands with 18 x 20 inch bevel plate mirror @ \$15.
Sweeping reductions in carpets and squares.

Kelowna Furniture Co.

Sample Free Moffet's Best Hungarian Flour

Agent for Rennie's Seeds. Save us your orders.

C. C. JOSSELYN,
Kelowna's Flour and Feed Merchant.

Call on Elliott Morrison

For all the latest Up-To-Date Farm Machinery. Here is a few of the things we carry in stock, Adams farm and mountain wagons, Adams farm and logging trucks, Adams farm and logging sleighs, The J. B. Armstrong demers, buggies, and cutters, Cockshutt plows, harrows, cultivators, discs, seeding machines and Root Pulpers, Imperial wind mills, and gasoline engines, stump pulling machines, and steel wire cable; also full line of Deering farm machinery and repairs. Ellwood and Anchor Fencing.

Elliott & Morrison

Miracle Double Air Space Hollow Blocks

Have you a house to build? Do you want a cool house in summer? A warm house in winter? A dry house in wet weather? A house that never decays?

Then build with Miracle Double Air Spaced Blocks. Estimates given on all kinds of Cement, Stone, and Brick Work.

C. G. Clement.
Kelowna, B. C.
P. O. Box. 103.

H. Lysons BOAT BUILDER

Plans and estimates for row boats or sail boats cheerfully given.

Rowing Boats and Fishing Tackle for Hire.

If you wish to enjoy a row on the lake or a few hours trolling we can furnish you with the boats and the tackle.

Gasoline Launches put into Running Order.

Call at the Boat House just north of the Saw Mill, Kelowna

S. T. Long, C. E., F. L. S.

Agent For

Pacific Coast Pipe Companies wooden Stave Pipe.

Prices and Information as to installation supplied on application. This pipe is eminently suited for irrigation and all other purposes.

**Cheap and Durable
KELOWNA, B. C.**

KELOWNA BRICK WORKS 200,000 A. 1. Bricks NOW READY

Is now on the market. Builders and contractors who have already used the brick pronounce the material first class. We are in a position to supply orders from all points. Estimates for buildings cheerfully given. Samples of the brick may be seen at the stores in town.

JACKMAN & HARVEY.

FOR SALE.

Second-hand Furniture. Apply, H. Gordon, Lakeview Hotel, Kelowna.

Note and Comment

As elsewhere referred to in this issue, it is the intention of those persons in favor of forming a rural municipality for Mission Valley to hold a meeting at some early date, so that property-holders concerned will have an opportunity of hearing something about the success achieved by the Spallumcheen valley under Home Rule. Spallumcheen dates its incorporation from Jan. 1, 1903, and its record has been one of uninterrupted success.

Intelligent men are now agreed as to the benefits of local control of district affairs, when judiciously handled by commonsense men. Our mother country has extended the principle almost to the point of absurdity, and every parish there, however tiny, has the right to administer its local finances. In British Columbia we have had too much of government from one centre, with consequent ignorance of local conditions by the government of the day and waste of funds, which administered by local men would have been beneficial. We need point only to the road administration in this valley to show the result of directing such matters from Victoria. Whether we have a good road boss or a poor one, the results are the same. We pay heavy taxes, but only meagre appropriations in return can be wrung from the provincial treasury, and any required improvement has to wait the good pleasure of some Victoria official until it is executed. Far different it would be under our local representatives in a municipal council. If they do not suit us, we have the remedy, to defeat them. A total of \$24,000 in taxes was taken from this valley last year, a third of it probably in real estate taxes, which a municipality would levy, or say \$8,000. About \$1,000. was returned in road expenditures. Provincial expenditures for schools, administration of justice etc., would be fully met by personal property tax, income tax, and poll tax; so that there was an utterly inadequate return made for the money collected.

We ask our country readers to give this matter serious consideration, for the adoption of self-government will lead to improved conditions all round. The valley would have been further ahead today had it secured the charter applied for in 1894, which was defeated by local jealousies, now non-existent since Kelowna has become a city and will not be included in the proposed rural municipality.

OSOYOOS FARMERS' INSTITUTE

The Annual Meeting of the above Institution will be held in Raymer's Hall, Kelowna, on Saturday, 10th Feb., at 2:30 p. m., for consideration of the Annual Report and election of Officers. Ladies invited.

H. V. CHAPLIN,
Sec.-Treas.

FGR SALE.

Hay, loose or baled. Apply to, Elliott & Morrison, Kelowna, B. C.

FOR SALE.

TWELVE acres of good bottom land, about 3 miles from Kelowna on main road; 4 acres in apples, pears, plums, 500 bushes of small fruit; about 2 acres in hay; balance ploughed. All fenced and irrigated. A good chance for any one wanting a small place in working order. \$1,000.00 will buy a house and the corner of Ell Ave. and Ellis St. The house contains 5 rooms, and has lately been entirely renovated. There is also a good well. Terms easy. Come and see me about this lot cornering on Pendol and Ell Ave., a great bargain for some one. Size, 100 ft. by 240 ft. For further particulars apply to, H. C. Sullivan, Kelowna.

FOR SALE.

Two gentle milk cows; one Shorthorn and one Ayrshire, both due to calve shortly. Apply, A. Gordon, Kelowna.

LOST!

On Saturday night between Raymer's Hall and Mr. Leckie's house, a leather purse containing a sum of money and other contents. Finder please return to Leckie's Hardware Store.

The KELOWNA COURIER

Job Printing Dept.

Commercial, Legal and Society Printing done in the best style, with the finest materials, at moderate prices

Our capacity for work includes everything from posters to bill-heads.

We do not ask you to patronize us because we have a right to live, but because we can give you efficient and prompt service at prices which compare favorably with the local standard of charges for everything else you buy.

You gain nothing by sending East or to the Coast for your printing, as express rates on small quantities of paper average 15c. per lb., and if you estimate this, you would find such orders would cost you considerably more than what you would pay at home. Stationery is heavy in comparison to its value. In any case, do not order elsewhere before getting quotations from us.

Address All Orders to

Geo. C. Rose

The COURIER,
Kelowna, B. C.

John Collins

ESTATE, INSURANCE AND GENERAL
COMMISSION AGENT.

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE
CORPORATION, LONDON AND
LANCASHIRE FIRE, GREAT
WEST LIFE.

Also agents for all town lots, including the new Rose Blocks. Houses, Business Blocks, Business properties and

Land for Sale

Improved and unimproved property suitable for all purposes. If you want to buy call and look over our list. If you want to sell list with us. We are not personally interested in any Land Co. Milch Cows, Teams, saddle and driving horses, Farm implements. & c.

Office same entrance as Farmers Exchange K. S. U. Block.

KELOWNA

Livery & Feed

.....Stables.....

We are still doing business in the old stand: in the same old way.

GOOD HORSES

GOOD RIGS

CAREFUL DRIVERS

Cordwood For Sale.

PHONE NO. 20.

Collett Bros.

MUSIC

We have a fine assortment of

Instrumental and
Vocal Music at
Popular Prices.

The latest popular
music received every
month.

J. P. Clement

Watches Clocks
and Jewellery

Arrived at your own
Prices

MILLIE. & CO.
Raymer's Bock.

There are beautiful
Ladies & Gentlemen's
watches. Come and
See Them

Repairing a specialty

Sweets
That Satisfy

We have pure wholesome and
delicious confectionery, the
kind that satisfies the most
critical palate and leaves
nothing to be desired. We
have a fine assortment of
Chocolates, Fruit Glaces, Nut
Candies etc., etc.,

Try some of our delicious con-
fections next time you want
something extra good.

P. B. Willits & Co.

KELOWNA BAKERY
W. A. HUNTER, Proprietor

Just
Unloaded

A car of Lake of the
Woods flour.

\$3.00
per 100 lbs.

LOCAL NEWS

The Okanagan Fruit and Land Co. sold a large tract of their bench land near Kelowna last week, also two one-acre lots at \$500. per acre.

At the weekly shoot of the Kelowna Gun Club on the 25th, the following were the best scores out of a possible 25: Messrs. J. Harvey 21, W. Hinkson 20, and J. Bowes, H. C. Stillingfleet, Stephen and C. Hart, 18, each.

The Kelowna Dancing Club have arranged to have Raymer's large hall for their weekly dances on Tuesdays. Music will be supplied by the Kelowna Quadrille Band. Dancing will continue from 8 p. m. to 12 p. m. Dances are open to all. Admission 75c, ladies free.

It is rumoured that the C.P.R. proposes building a 20-knot boat in the spring, which will make the round trip from the Landing to Penticton in a day and provide us with something like a decent mail service besides rapid transit on the water at least. We suppose it is too much to hope that the Tortoise Mail on the S. & O. will be accelerated.

So much American money is going round the country that the local Post-Office finds it necessary to refuse it, as the bank charges 5 per cent discount on the money. Canadian money is not accepted in Portland and San Francisco even at a discount, so there is no reason why American silver and bills should pass as currency in our country.

We regret in our report of the hospital masquerade ball last week we had to condense from lack of space and the exigencies of "fitting," so we were not able to do justice to the splendid dance music supplied by Messrs. Stubbs, Wilkes and Gallagher. We understand these gentlemen have twice given their services free in aid of the good cause.

A Chinese disagreement was ventilated in court before Mayor Raymer on Tuesday, when Charlie Sing charged Lee Suen with having blackened one of his eyes and otherwise doing him up, and accused Ah Song, Lee Yuen and Ling Yuen of having jumped on him after the assault was committed. An interpreter was required, as none of the witnesses but one wished to testify in broken English. As is usual in cases between Chinese there was a great deal of cross-swearing, and some of the Celestial gentlemen must have committed perjury a score of times. All four defendants maintained that Charlie Sing began the ruction by hitting Lee Suen with a bamboo pipe and alluding to his family in most disrespectful terms when asked by him for money due. Their tales were too absolutely alike to satisfy Mr. Raymer, who fined Lee Suen \$10., with \$6.50 costs, and dismissed the cases against the others. Mr. Bridgman, of Vernon, who represented the defence, gave notice of appeal to the County Court at Vernon, on Feb. 20. Mr. Burne prosecuted on behalf of the aggrieved Charlie Sing. A curious feature of the case was that all the Chinese took the oath on the Bible, stating they believed in that book, instead of the customary chicken killing or paper burning. While most of them rubbed their noses on the sacred volume, Ah Song with superior knowledge protruded his tongue about six inches and licked it!

The extermination of glandered horses proceeds with merciless regularity. A large num-

ber were condemned last week, amongst them Dr. Boyce's valuable stallion. Out of 27 head Mr. John Casorso had 12 shot and 11 picked out for second test. It appears glanders had existed in a pronounced form amongst his stock for some time back, but he was not acquainted with the symptoms of the disease, and thus ran hideous risks himself, as some of the horses had the acute form, with running at the nose, and two are now supposed to have died of it. It would be well for Dr. Tolmie to lecture on the symptoms and dangers of glanders at the principal points in the Okanagan. His lecture at Armstrong was a great benefit to that district, but the facts have reached only a limited circle, and should be more widely disseminated.

STRAYED

To J. McKenna's rancho, in November, a bay mare, indistinct brand on left shoulder, no white marks, with spring sorrel coat. Owner can claim on proving property and paying expenses. Address, J. McKenna, Kelowna.

STRAYED SINCE 1903

1 red and white cow, with stockings, about 5 years old, big notch out of base of each ear.
2 red steers, coming 3 branded PP on left quarter no ear mark.
1 red heifer, ditto, ditto.
1 black and white steer, white face, ditto, ditto.
Anyone bringing any of the above to O. A. Pease rancho will receive a reward of \$5.00 per head.

FOR SALE.

Wheat Straw delivered anywhere in town, \$4.00 per load. Apply, John Morrison, Kelowna.

FOR SALE

Nine range cows, in calf, and 3 calves. Apply to, B. G. Ames, Kelowna, B. C.

FOR SALE

1 Berkshire sow and 9 pigs 6 weeks old. 20 breeding ewes, 1 Yorkshire boar 1 year old, apples, cider, potatoes, and straw. Mangle at \$6.50 per ton. Phone 8. H. B. Burtch, Bankhead Ranch, Kelowna.

WANTED

All kinds of plain sewing and mending. Terms moderate. Address "B," Kelowna Cafe.

DRESSMAKING

An experienced dressmaker is prepared to receive orders. All kinds of household sewing undertaken. MRS. LOCK, Jas. Reekie's Ranch, P. O. Address, Kelowna.

FOR SALE.

APPLES! APPLES! APPLES!
2c and 2 1/2c per lb. Minimum quantity sold, 40 lbs. Please provide your own packages. Apply 11-11. J. L. Pridham.

FOR SALE

1 gentle cow and heifer calf 2 weeks old. 1 Yorkshire boar 10 months old. 1 useful horse for any purpose. J. L. Pridham, Kelowna

FOR SALE.

Plymouth Rock Roosters \$2.50 each. Whitehead & Hardman, Kelowna.

LOST.

Between Stillingfleet's corner and A. Day's, a gold nugget brooch. Reward for return to Mrs. D. Lloyd-Jones.

FOR SALE

A useful horse, about 15 hands. Apply 22-4t. W. R. Barlee.

FOR SALE

Sixty good thriving hogs from 60 to 100 lbs. Apply 22-4t. Jas. Murray, Dry Valley.

M. TUTCHER

Will close out the balance of her winter hats and dolls at 25 per cent. discount.

Get a bargain.

The Misses Reekie

PUPILS OF THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

TEACHERS OF

Piano, Organ, Vocal, and Theory.

FOR TERMS APPLY AT

The Residence on Barnard Ave.

Carruthers & Pooley,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Kelowna, - B. C.

Notarial York and Conveyancing. Fruit, Farm and Residential Lands for sale.

Life Insurance. Mutual Life of Canada.

Fire Insurance. Queen Insurance Co., Guardian Assurance Co., Sun Assurance Co.

Accident Insurance. The Canadian Casualty Co., Protection to bread-winners against loss by disease or accident, at the lowest rates.

Special this Week

Splendid new house on Bernard Ave., 8 rooms, bathroom and all modern conveniences, with large lot, all fenced. Price, \$3,500., one-third down, balance in three years. Apply to us for further particulars.

J. S. REEKIE

Real Estate, Insurance,
Money to Loan, General
Commission Agent.

Sole Agent for Rutland Estate

Office in K.S.U. Block
Stillingfleet & Fraser's Old Stand.



Still a Fine
Selection....

Of Imported Worstedes,
Serges and Tweeds on
hand, and made to order
in any style desired.

All kinds of cleaning and
repairing.

H. Cleve

Merchant Tailor, Kelowna.

THE LAKEVIEW HOTEL

Has been thoroughly renovated
throughout. First Class Accom-
modation for the travelling public.
High class liquors and cigars.
A home for all Commercial men.

James Bowes, Prop

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREATH

In Asthma and Bronchitis is Promptly Relieved by

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in relieving the terrible paroxysms of asthma and the hard, dry cough of bronchitis, and in positively curing these ailments, is the best proof that it is far more than a mere "cough mixture."

This well-known medicine is composed of a number of simple yet powerful ingredients, which are of proven value in the cure of diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. It is prepared by a long and tedious process, that cannot be carried out in filling a prescription at a drug store. The ingredients are always fresh and of the best quality obtainable, for the reputation which Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has built up in years of success must be maintained by every bottle that is sold.

Mrs. Richard Withrow, Shubenaca-

lle, Hants Co., N. S., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine with good success. My second daughter was troubled with bronchitis from the age of three weeks. Oftentimes I thought she would choke to death. The several remedies we got did not seem to be of much use, but the first dose of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine brought relief and further treatment made a thorough cure. This trouble used to come back from time to time, but the cure is now permanent."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved us many doctor bills, and I would not be without it in the house for many times its cost.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers.

Insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on the bottle you buy.

Samples of Choice Grain for the Improvement of Seed.

By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture another distribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution is of the very best and has been secured mainly from the excellent crops recently had at the branch experimental farms at Indian Head, Sask., and at Brandon, Man. The distribution this spring will consist of samples of oats, spring wheat, barley, Indian corn (for ensilage only) and potatoes. The quantity of oats to be sent this year will be 4 lbs. and of wheat or barley 5 lbs. sufficient in each case to sow one-twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn and potatoes will weigh 3 lbs. as heretofore. A quantity of each of the following varieties has been secured for this distribution.

Oats.—Banner, Wide-Awake, Abundance, Thousand Dollar, Improved Ligowo, Goldfinder and Waverly.

Wheat.—Peston, Red Fife, Percy, Stanley, Huron, Laurel and Red Fife. Barley.—(Six-Rowed.)—Mensury, Odessa, Mansfield, Claude and Royal. (Two-Rowed.)—Standwell, Invincible, Canadian Thorpe and Sidney.

Indian Corn (for ensilage).—Early sorts, Angel of Midnight, Compton's Early and Longfellow; later varieties, Selected Leaming, Early Mastadon and White Cap Yellow Dent.

Potatoes.—Carman No. 1, Early White Prize, Rochester Rose, Uncle Sam, American Wonder, Bovee, Early Andes and Late Puritan.

Every farmer may apply, but only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot receive one of wheat, barley or potatoes. Lists of names from one individual or applications for more than 1 sample for one household cannot be entertained. These samples will be sent free of charge through the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time before the first of March, after which the lists will be closed, so that all samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing should mention the sort or variety they would prefer, with a second sort as an alternative, and should the available stock of both these varieties be exhausted, some other good sort will be sent instead. Those applying for Indian Corn or potatoes will please bear in mind that the corn is not available for distribution until March or April, and that potatoes cannot be mailed from here until danger from frost in transit is over. No postage is required on mail matter addressed to the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

WM. SAUNDERS,
Director Experimental Farms.
Ottawa, November 25th, 1905.

The new \$27,000 station at Revelstake, B. C., has been completed.

To the Old Home for Christmas.

Now that the winter has fairly set in the farmers of Manitoba are thinking of spending a few months in their old homes in Ontario, Quebec and the Eastern provinces. To meet this increased traffic the Canadian Northern have placed in effect from Dec. 4 to 31 excursion tickets to points in Ontario and Quebec, Montreal and west, at a rate of Forty Dollars for the round trip, proportionately low rates to points east of Montreal. Tickets are good for return within three months, allowing liberal stop-over privileges. The new trains recently put in service on the Canadian Northern between Winnipeg and St. Paul, comprise Observation, Pullman sleepers, and coaches affording the maximum of comfort with their high, soft-backed seats. The time made by this service is the fastest to Ontario points, and affording as it does the maximum of comfort and convenience. Those travelling East should use this line.

Mary Jane Harris, believed to be the oldest woman in the state of New York, is dead at New Rochelle, in her 112th year.

Don't hold the first dollar you are spending for advertising so close to your eye that you can't see to reach the pile of dollars your publicity makes accessible.

Brantford, in order to be worthy of the name, "The Telephone City," is proposing to erect a monument to the inventors of the phone systems in the city.

THE "ORIENTAL LIMITED."

Train of the Great Northern Railway Between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Puget Sound Points.

This new train has been aptly named. Travellers of this progressive age demand the highest degree of comfort when they are contemplating to undertake a journey, and especially a journey of considerable length. In the placing in service of the "Oriental Limited," the Great Northern Railway has achieved a distinctive success in the excellence, ease and elegance of this regal train. If a man is making a journey for purely business reasons, he wants comfort. The "Oriental Limited" lands him at his journey's end with a pleasant memory lingering in his mind of the comfort which has been provided for him. All the conveniences of a modern, up-to-date hotel, all the comforts of home, the privacy of a club, are at his command. Instead of dreading a long journey he looks forward to it with pleasurable anticipation. To the tourist the same applies. The delightful surroundings of this train, the opportunities for enjoying the passing scenery enroute makes the "Oriental Limited" the train that

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Never judge a man by the stories he tells when he is trying to make an impression on a crowd of girls.

A new ice cream parlor is about as welcome to the young men of the neighborhood as a shower in haying time.



A girl doesn't mind getting tanned at a summer resort, but she does hate the shade she acquires sticking the family washing up over the line.

One way to tell whether a watermelon is ripe or not is to taste it.

A hen is as proud of a duck she has hatched as a woman is of a boy she has spanked.

Little does a person dream when going off on a vacation that the coming back will be the best part.

Never tell a boy in a deprecating tone of voice that he looks like his father. He can't help it.

A cooking school that would teach the young feminine idea to shoot biscuits and the like would do much to put the divorce lawyers out of business.

The Lord is supposed to look out for simple people, but the confidence man helps him look.

A man will forgive almost anything in a woman if she is pretty enough.

Be Thankful.

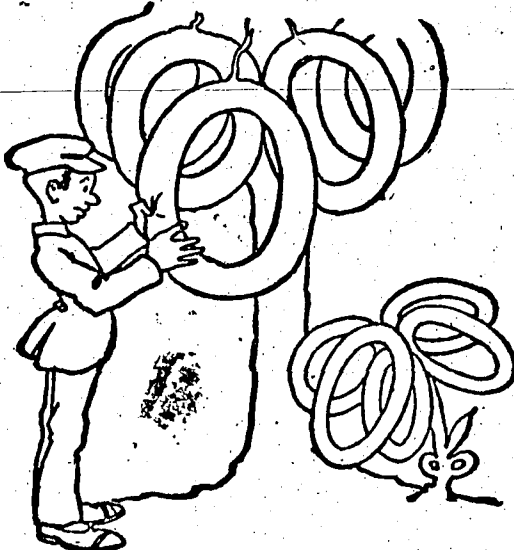
What! Nothing to be thankful for? Why, Rupert, how you talk! Be thankful for the street cars, lad; Your grandpa had to walk. Be thankful that you have a home And parents kind and true; Be thankful that they do not knock The stuffing out of you.

Be thankful you can lick that old Who thinks he is a man And wallop him around the block— Provided that you can. Be thankful that you were not caught That time the other day You threw a brick and broke the big Plate glass across the way.

Be thankful that your ma and pa Don't know you smoke and swear, For if they did a worried look Perhaps you'd have to wear. Be thankful that the man who owns The watermelon patch Is old and lame and slow and so Is not much on the catch.

Just look around, and you will see Some things for giving thanks; Be grateful that the grindstone has Not half a dozen cranks. Be thankful that you are a boy And so can run and play; Because, you know, you might have been The girl across the way.

Ready to Pick.



"Where does rubber come from?"

"The rubber tree, of course."

"Is that right?"

"Sure."

"Then I suppose the big auto tires grow on the big trees, while the little bicycle cushions are the fruit of the bushes."



Ogilvie's Reputation goes into every barrel of Royal Household Flour

If Royal Household Flour were not as good as Ogilvie's say it is, who would be the greatest loser?

You would try it once—if it were not good you would be a small loser, perhaps.

But Ogilvie's would probably lose your custom.

They would also lose the custom of every other woman who tried it and of thousands who had never tried it but had been told that it was not as represented.

Therefore Ogilvie's *must* make Royal Household Flour the *best* flour because they stake their reputation upon it, and if you and thousands of others found it was not the best, Ogilvie's would ruin their business.

So Ogilvie's make Royal Household Flour the best flour, in their *own* protection. Incidentally that is *your* strongest protection—it guarantees you the best flour because the brand carries with it Ogilvie's Reputation.

Ogilvie's simply ask a trial—knowing that it will make a permanent friend for Royal Household Flour.

Imperial Maple Syrup

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

Ask your dealer for Imperial Maple Syrup. Do not allow him to substitute an inferior article because it is cheaper.

The Keeley Cure

Ask the lawyers, the physicians, the congressmen, the clergymen, the clerks, the book-keepers, the skilled mechanics who have patronized us and you will find that the Keeley treatment is all and more than is claimed for it, and that it is the "stitch" a drinking man needs to save property, reputation, family, sanity and even life itself.

Write today, now, and get the necessary information about it.

133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, WINNIPEG.

A NIGHT CAP

Take two Beecham's Pills on retiring and avoid any ill effects from a late meal. Then you will sleep soundly, awaken with a clear head and a high opinion of the great stomach remedy.

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

Once in a while, a bit of slang is so expressive that it becomes incorporated into the language as an allowable idiom. One of the most striking of these is "making good."

It has come to have not simply a general, but a specific meaning. It illustrates the idea of competition; it indicates that under intense modern methods it is only he who succeeds that can, in the long run, win recognition. Recommendations, testimonials, requests from eminent men, all fall before the stern decree that you must "make good."—"Success Magazine."

The Alexander Brown Milling Co., whose premises in Toronto were destroyed by fire, have taken out a permit for a factory to cost \$40,000.



Pure and Fragrant, Direct from the Plantation to you, the sealed lead packages retaining all the natural fragrance and aroma.

GOLD STANDARD

Is "Guaranteed the Best" 35, 40, and 50c per lb. At all Grocers.

A newsboys' home, to cost \$150,000, is to be built in Cleveland by John D. Rockefeller and members of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church.

Montreal will spend \$1,000,000 on city streets next year.

W N U N O 564

Free Gifts of Toilet Soaps

Use SUNLIGHT SOAP and GET THE PREMIUMS

The Coupons are the same as cash because they can be exchanged for Toilet Soaps for which you have to pay out money every week.

Users of SUNLIGHT and CHEERFUL SOAPS can get their TOILET SOAPS for nothing.

Read circular in every package, or write us for Premium List.

A gift is of little value if it consists of something you have no use for.

In exchange for Sunlight Soap Coupons you can get something you need and use every day.

SAVE SUNLIGHT SOAP COUPONS

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, Canada

Catlin and the Multimillionaire

By Frank H. Sweet

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

They were sweeping along the country road, with the sun just rising over the hills in the east. Birds were flocking among the branches and in the open fields, preparing for early migration south, and mingled with the rich lesser notes were the occasional clear, dominating whistles of the quail and the soaring melody of the bobolink. The road was not bad for a country road, though they often had to swerve to one side or the other to avoid a deep rut or washout, and there were many steep hills where they had to dismount and walk and many places where the descent was too abrupt to trust in brakes.

But the glorious morning compensated for it all, and presently they yielded to its influence, and Catlin's clear, mellow voice broke into a swinging bicycle song, which the other two



AS SHE BENT OVER, THE GIRL ALLOWED HER SUNBONNET TO FALL BACK.

caught up and sent ringing across the fields with the rhythmic fullness of three strong, cultivated voices, whose owners were allowing their hearts and unformulated thoughts to well up unconsciously to their lips and which rose and fell and wavered under the swift motion of the singers. As it finally died away and their speed slackened somewhat one of the riders looked across at Catlin.

"It's a shame to break up our outing like this," he called.

"I know, but Aunt Beulah telegraphed for us to come straight to her country house."

"Your rich aunt?"

"Yes, the one I told you was going to entertain us so lavishly at the end of our trip."

"And introduce you to the multimillionaire?" grinned the other rider.

"Precisely. The multimillionaire is devoted to my aunt, and my aunt is devoted to me. Ergo, we join hands around the triangle."

"But do you really mean that you will marry her offhand?" incredulously.

"I really do, Burke. A multimillionaire means multimillion cares less, and the very fact of my never seeing her or her photograph adds the needed tinge of romance. But, hello," as there came the dull thud of a fall and then a faint call for help, "somebody's dropped from one of those apple trees above the bank. Hurry, fellows!"

As they climbed the bank the call was repeated, sounding very near. A few moments later they found an old man lying down upon his back under the first tree.

"Much hurt?" asked Catlin solicitously.

"N-no, I guess not," slowly and with a long indrawn breath of pain. "Just shook up considerable, I think, without any bones broken. But I expect you fellows will have to help me home."

"Of course," Catlin looked around. A short ladder was leaning against the tree. "That'll do very nicely," he said.

"Here, fellows, gather up all these empty sacks and spread them on the ladder to make it more comfortable. Now, sir," when all was ready, "we'll lift you as gently as possible."

"Oh, I don't mind a little pain," the old man answered, grimacing, however, when they lifted him to the ladder. "It's the apples that's worrying me most. I've been sending them off to one firm, at about this time, for forty-nine years. This would make fifty."

"The firm will certainly overlook the slip, then," said Catlin consolingly.

The old man's face creased into a smile. "I know, I know," he replied. "They won't mind, and the money part

does not matter. But when a man has done a thing forty-nine years it's hard for him to miss the fiftieth. I don't suppose I ought to have tackled the apples alone. Hello, there comes Gerty. She heard me call, I guess."

A tall girl, with her face hidden by a sunbonnet, was hurrying through the orchard toward them.

"Oh, uncle," she cried, with very much distress in her voice, "it is you! I thought I heard a cry, but was not sure. Is—is it very bad?"

"Not so very, I think," the old man answered. "Just a shakeup. Fortunately these young men were near. They will carry me to the house."

As she bent over him the girl allowed her sunbonnet to fall back. Catlin was directly in front of her, and he caught his breath a little at what the act revealed. The girl was not merely pretty, as he had at first thought; she was beautiful.

An hour later the three were standing out under one of the trees on the lawn.

"I tell you, fellows," Catlin was saying, "it's our duty to stay and pick the apples for the old man. It's too bad for him to miss the fiftieth year."

"Too bad for you to miss another chance of looking into Miss Gerty's eyes, you mean," suggested Burke.

"Perhaps," composedly. "They are certainly worth looking into. But we can pick two days and still have time to reach Aunt Beulah's on the date set. The trout fishing doesn't matter."

"All right, Catlin," Burke laughed. "I don't mind staying. But you had better keep your mind on the multi-ess and leave me to talk with Miss Gerty."

Two days later they stood under the same tree. The apples had been picked and barreled and shipped. Two bicycles were leaning against the tree, apparently ready for departure. The third was missing. Catlin looked cool and composed; the others were plainly annoyed.

"You can give that letter to Aunt Beulah," Catlin was saying to Burke. "It tells her the multi-ess business is off. She will look after you all right and give you the good time as scheduled. You might add of your own accord that you left me well."

"I'll tell her you are working on a farm as a common laborer," grumbled Burke. "But, first, I've got a good mind to go in and tell the old man and Miss Gerty just what you are—a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Oh, no, you haven't," smiled Catlin. "I've known you too long, Burke. You couldn't do a thing like that if you tried. Well, goodbye!"

Four days later a letter came to Catlin. It read:

My Dear Boy—You're a fool. And after the way I raised you too. But it doesn't so much matter now. Miss Catlin will not come for several weeks. You will get well by that time.

Catlin's letter in answer a week afterward read:

My Dear Aunt—There's no chance whatever of my getting well. I haven't spoken yet, but I begin to see it in her eyes. Gerty is the sweetest girl in the world. I'm stopping with her uncle, Richard Parks, but perhaps Burke told you.

Six days later:

My Dear Boy—You're a prodigy, with a cat's faculty of sticking on your feet. Miss Catlin's name is Gertrude, and her uncle is Richard Parks. She wrote that he had met with some kind of accident and that she would remain with him a few weeks longer.

Catlin's reply, three days later:

My Dear Aunt—I discovered her last name the day before your letter arrived. I asked her, and she said yes. We will be with you the first of the month.

Had It All Planned.

In the early days of lotteries in England to dream a number was always looked on as the luckiest of omens. On one occasion a footman, going plainly seen some numbers in a dream spent the whole of twenty years' savings in purchasing two lottery tickets bearing his lucky dream numbers, and when the tickets proved blanks, we learn, "after a few melancholy days he put an end to his life." In his box was found the following plan of the manner in which he should spend the £5,000 prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity:

"As soon as I have received the money I will marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy I will use her as a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with toast, nutmeg and sugar in it; then I will sleep until 10, after which I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on table by 1, and never without a good pudding. I will have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About 5 in the afternoon I will have tarts and jellies and a gallon bowl of punch; at 10 a hot supper of two dishes. If I am in a good humor and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me."

Professors' Salaries.

The official pay of the foreign professor at first glance seems absurdly small in comparison with the pay in American institutions. In Prussia, for example, a full professor receives by law \$1,000 (in Berlin \$1,200) the first year, to be increased \$100 a year every fourth year for twenty years. In addition he receives an allowance for house rent. This is, however, only the fixed part of his income. The honorarium which he receives from the fees

of his students will vary greatly, depending on the subject taught and the attractive power of the teacher. Incomes of \$5,000 a year and even larger sums are received in the larger universities by certain well known men. Taking into account the fact that the foreign professor has a life place, that his widow and minor children receive pensions, he is better off financially and is far more free from the anxieties which come with modest income than his American brother, whose nominal pay is higher.—Henry S. Pritchett in Atlantic.

Worth of a Principle.

It is indeed a high day in the human story when a great principle reaches its hour. For ages it may have been working silently along the subterranean channels of the world's life. At times it has for a brief moment shown itself above the surface, only to be hunted back again with scoff and insult. But it is already in the blood and will, by and by, mount to the brain's throne. When the appointed time is come the idea creates its man, and the credential of his authority is the echo of his word in every soul.

A Book and a War.

Copyright questions are grave enough nowadays, but they no longer threaten to end in war, as in the case of St. Columba, the Irishman who settled in Iona converted north Britain and is commemorated on June 9. He had a passion for fine manuscripts and copies of them and among others copied a certain Latin psalter belonging to an Irish abbot whereupon King Diarmid condemned Columba, at Tara ruling that "to every book belongs its copy, as to every cow its calf." Columba appealed against the verdict in the practical form of inciting his kinsmen to revolt, and they defeated Diarmid in the battle of the Psalter. The book is claimed to be the one which in a silver cover was carried into battle by the O'Donnells during more than a thousand years and may be seen at the Royal Irish academy today.—London Chronicle.

Old Sevres.

Old Sevres porcelain holds its own among those who are wealthy enough to buy it, because, within definite limits, it is perfect. The united skill of the best French chemists, potters,

SACRED STONES.

Some That Claim to Mark the Center of the Universe.

The sacred black stone of the Manchu dynasty of Chinese in Mukden is the center of the universe, according to old Chinese superstitions, and added venerability comes to Mukden from the graves of the emperors near by.

The Dor-ring in Lassa, Tibet, is another center of the universe, which, according to the Tibetan priests, is shaped exactly like the shoulder blade of a sheep. All distances are measured from it, and it is very sacred.

Another center is the kaaba, in Mecca, a dirty black stone set into the wall of the most sacred mosque and polished every year by the lips of thousands of worshippers. The Arabic word for stone, "hagar," appears in Scriptural writings as a proper name. The Mecca pilgrimage is a "hajj," and those who have taken it are known as "hajjis."

Even so sane a people as the ancient Greeks came pretty near worshipping a stone—the "omphalos," or center of the earth, at Delphi. The Romans set up a stone of great consequence in Rome, but for purposes of measurement, not worship, and so the "London stone" of today is used.—London Telegraph.

Comforting.

Farmer—You'll find no work around here.

Rufus—Ah, thank you for your cheering words!—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

Invested.

"That invention Brown is preparing to put on the market is a great thing."

"I'm beginning to doubt it."

"What! Why, there's plenty of money in it. Don't you believe it?"

"Yes. Nearly all of mine is there."—Philadelphia Press.

The successful short change man is not so called because he is short of change.

A man is seldom so deaf but that he can hear money talk.

An Alien Heir

By FRANCIS A. COREY

Copyright, 1905, by F. A. Corey

Throwing a fresh stick on the fire, Dick Vance gazed approvingly about him. The room which the dancing flames lighted up had a cozy, homelike air delightfully in contrast with his cheerless lodgings in Paris. At last he had one little spot within four walls that he could call his own.

As he stretched his legs comfortably to the blaze he was still tingling with the thrill of amazement he had felt when informed by the village lawyer during their brief interview that afternoon that he was Robert Chilton's heir.

"The estate consists of this old house, which has been in the Chilton family for a hundred years, and \$50,000 in stocks and bonds," Mr. Blackstone had said.

"And it's mine, really mine, to do what I please with?" Dick asked eagerly.

"Nobody can dispute your legal right to it," was the stiff response. "Chilton took care to make a will that would hold. The justice of the bequest is quite another thing."

Although three hours had gone by since then, Dick still almost doubted his great fortune. How often he had gone with empty pockets and nothing to eat!

One blissful thought made his heart leap. He could marry Alice Dale! They had waited two years because of their poverty. There was now no occasion for delay.

The wind whistled around the house, driving great gusts of snow against the windows. Dick laughed at its futile rage and stirred the fire afresh. In fancy he saw Alice sitting on the other side of the hearth, one pretty pink cheek in her palm. How graciously she would rule over the house! He would hasten to her the first thing on the morrow with the wonderful news.

The doorbell rang. Mr. Robbins, the gray haired minister who had officiated at Robert Chilton's funeral that day, was ushered in. Shaking the snow from his great coat, he sat down heavily before the fire, his face wearing a stern expression.

"Mr. Vance, how long had you known the deceased?" he abruptly inquired.

"About six months, sir."

"You met abroad?"

"Yes, sir—in Paris. Mr. Chilton fell seriously ill at one of the hotels. He was alone, and I took care of him. He was pleased to think that my nursing saved his life."

"You traveled with him afterward?"

"I did. I was a poor medical student. I had just taken my degree. I could act as courier and also keep careful watch over his bodily health."

Dick smiled pleasantly, but the clergyman's face grew harder than before.

"Did he ever speak to you of his family?"

"Only once—just before he died. He said they had betrayed, forsaken him; that he was worse than alone in the world. He made me promise to bury him from his old home, never intimating that I was to be his heir. That came as a complete surprise. Oh, sir," Dick added, with kindling eyes, "this legacy means everything to me—success, happiness, a prosperous career."

Looking at the young man over his spectacles, Mr. Robbins said gravely: "Then you are not aware that Mr. Chilton left a daughter and a grandchild?"

Dick turned pale, and all at once there was a curious pounding in his ears.

"No! It simply can't be! He would have told me!"

"It seems that he did not. His daughter married against his wishes and he never forgave her. She is now a widow, a confirmed invalid, and very poor. Her child, a girl of twenty, is working beyond her strength for the bare necessities of life. I sent word to them, but it appears they did not receive it in time to come."

There was a silence which neither of the two seemed disposed to break. Dick's forehead glistened with perspiration. He swept a shaking hand across it.

"Of course I understand why you tell me this," he cried huskily. "You think I have no right to the property and should give it up."

The old minister frowned, and was silent. Dick glanced lingeringly around the room.

"I won't do it!" he cried, with half angry vehemence. "If Mr. Chilton had wanted his daughter to have it, he would have left it to her. It's mine—mine! I intend to keep it!"

Mr. Robbins rose and picked up his hat from the table.

"I regret exceedingly your decision," he said coldly. "Frankly, I'm disappointed in you. Good night, sir." And he walked out of the room.

Dick sat for a long time gazing into the fire. His cheeks were flushed. The discarded daughter was nothing to

him. He would be a fool to advocate in her favor. No doubt she deserved all that had befallen her, and even worse.

Presently his thoughts turned to Alice. She had forbidden him to write to her. He should be free, she had said, since they would be unable to marry for years, if ever. Not a line had passed between them for months. But he felt no misgivings. She loved him; she would remain true.

"How I wish it were morning that I might go to her," he said aloud.

He smiled, and yet a heaviness lay on his heart. The sad face of the woman whose birthright he had stolen seemed to stare at his reproachfully from the corners of the room. It even framed itself in the smoldering logs as they blazed up fitfully and fell apart.

The doorbell rang again. After a long delay the door opened to admit Mrs. Burke, the old housekeeper. She was pale with suppressed emotion.

"Another visitor?" he exclaimed with annoyance. "Who is it?"

"Mr. Chilton's granddaughter, sir," was the startling response.

Dick sprang to his feet.

"The poor child did not learn of her inheritance until she was twenty years old," he said, laughing at the situation in spite of his earnestness.

The girl twirled the umbrella. She went up another step, and the man's face showed his disappointment.

Finally she turned and smiled. "And to whom must father send the check?"

A great light seemed to brighten Columbus' face. "To Henry R. Benton, with Monroe & Shields, brokers," he said.

Frowns, as many as there were on the dog's brow, took possession of the space between the girl's eyebrows. Her memory did not like to be tested.

"I'll remember," she said as the man turned to go.

Elizabeth Volney carved another wrinkle in the brow of her umbrella handle dog.

"You have worried a heap lately, doggie mine—and tonight the man who bought you at an auction is coming. He—he has been here frequently since father took a liking to him. Funny, isn't it? Father doesn't usually like the sort of men who are so—so bold as to do what he did. He came right straight to father's office with the check for 21 cents to have it duplicated so he might keep it to—oh, to remember you by, I fancy, doggie! And father talked to him and they discovered that they both had uncles who had fought together in the civil war and all sorts of nonsense." The girl surveyed the newest frown with admiration. "Really, I should have been a sculptress, doggie. Your frowns are beautiful!"

Henry Benton loomed up in the doorway unannounced. He had met Judge Volney in the hall, and had been told that he would find Elizabeth by the library fire.

"I'm jealous of that dog, Miss Elizabeth," he said, stepping in.

"You should—like him very much," said the girl saucily, tossing her chin in the air and laying the umbrella on the floor as she came to greet Benton.

"I do, but I also like his mistress—very much."

The girl tried to pull her hand from the man's firm clasp. Her face turned prettily pink.

"I came here tonight for the express purpose of telling you how much," he said, compelling her attention.

The girl traced figures on the carpet for fully a minute.

"Elizabeth," began the man softly, putting one hand beneath her chin. "I love you. Do you believe me?"

For answer the girl laid her head on his arm.

"And to think that I just carved another wrinkle in his brow," she said a long time afterward.

Handicapped.

Father—I don't see why Willie is always stumbling and sprawling over the sidewalk. Why, even a cat always lands on its feet.

Mother (sarcastically)—Well, if Willie had as many feet as a cat he could doubtless manage to land on at least two of them too.—Detroit Free Press.

A Position of Responsibility.

Does he occupy a position of trust and responsibility?"

"I should say he does! He is the man who weighs out the steak in the meat store!"

Illustration of a man in a suit and hat, looking at a small object in his hand.

Kelowna Land & Orchard Co. Limited.

Residential, Fruit and Farming Lands for sale. One mile of lake frontage lots, from 5 acres up to 12 acres. Fruit lots, all ready for the plough, with irrigation and domestic water supply laid to each lot, \$100. per acre; one-third cash, balance spread over six years.

Planting and management of fruit lots undertaken for absentees.

Carruthers & Pooley
Agents.

KELOWNA, B. C.

Knowles, The JEWELLER

Do you have to hold your paper off at arms length to read it and then wish your arms were still longer? It isn't longer arms you want but properly fitted glasses. We carry a full line.

KNOWLES

Jeweller and Optician

REMNANTS REMNANTS REMNANTS

While Stock taking we are measuring up all short ends viz;

Remnants of dress goods
Remnants of silk
Remnants of flannels
Remnants of flannelettes
Remnants of prints and gingham
Remnants of laces etc., etc.,

These Remnants we are offering at great Bargains to clear

Kelowna Outfitting Store
W. B. M. Calder

PROPRIETOR.
RAYMER BLOCK

S. H. GRANT, TONSorial ARTIST KELOWNA, B. C.

For an up-to-date hair cut, easy shave, shampoo or massage, this is the place. Next K. S. U.

Kelowna Restaurant

First Class Meals by the Day, Week, or Month at Reasonable Rates.

C. Blackwood, Prop.

John Curts,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER
Plans and Specifications Prepared and estimates given for public Buildings, Town and Country Residences.
JOHN CURTS KELOWNA

Wm. Haug

Contracts taken for all kinds of Stone Work, Brick Work and Plastering. Coast Lime, Plaster Paris and Brick for sale.

Wood Fibre Plaster For Sale
KELOWNA.

PIANOS

STEINWAY, NORDHEIMER, PALMER
DOMINION AND

New Scale Williams.

ORGANS

ESTEV AND DOMINION.

A specialty made of repairing organs. Special discounts for the Christmas trade.

J. J. STUBBS, AGENT
South Kelowna.

GEO. E. RITCHIE, CARPENTER AND BUILDER, KELOWNA, B. C.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

KELOWNA MEAT MARKET

Fresh Meats, Cured Meats, Fish and Game in season. Orders delivered to any part of the Valley

D. W. Crowley & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHERS

AND

Cattle Dealers.

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams and Bacon, Fish and Game in season. All orders carefully attended to. Free Delivery.

D. W. Crowley & Co.

City Constable.

Applications will be received by the Council of the City of Kelowna up to 6 p.m., on Monday, the 26th February, for the position of City Constable, at a salary of Sixty (\$60.00) Dollars per month; duties to be defined by the Council.

By order of Council,
R. MORRISON,
26-4t. Clerk,

FOR RENT.

The Geo. Whelan property situated in Mission Valley, 9 miles from Kelowna. Will rent separately, 10 acres bearing orchard, the farming land (80 acres now in fall wheat), the hay land and cattle range. For particulars write,
26-2t H. P. LEE, Vernon, B. C.

LOCAL NEWS

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Exchange was held in their building on Jan. 24. Nearly sixty shareholders were present, who evinced a lively desire to know all about the business of the Exchange, with gratifying results, as the annual statement showed a total business done from June 6 to Dec. 18 of \$26,040.35, of which \$15,339.85 was for fruit and \$10,700.50 for vegetables and other farm produce, boxes and sacks. There was paid out for labour and general expenses \$2,099.44. 14,000 sacks were sold to members and others, and \$1,800.81 was paid for boxes. Some idea of the large business done may be gathered from the bill of \$40.00 worth of tissue paper used for wrapping peaches and pears. Such a statement shows the business of the Exchange to be in a most flourishing condition, and this season should much surpass last. The following officers were elected for the current year: President, Mr. W. C. Cameron; Vice-President, Mr. J. F. Burne, and Messrs. G. T. Phipps, S. L. Long and Alex. McLennan, directors.

We regret the action of the city council in refusing a grant to the Kelowna Band. In every progressive town it is customary for the city to aid any such help to the public enjoyment. We may take a lesson even from the Old Country, which so many of us are apt to consider as a back number. Many cities there support municipal bands by a rate levied on all taxpayers alike. Inverness, Scotland, a city of 25,000 people, instituted a town band last year with great success. Visitors usually find time hangs heavily on their hands in summer evenings, and good music forms a pleasant employment of it. We may expect an increasing number of summer visitors yearly, with our splendid climate and attractive surroundings, and it is our duty to make their stay as agreeable to them as possible. At fair time too, and on many other occasions, the presence of a band lends gaiety, and it is unfair to expect that the burden of maintaining it shall fall on the shoulders of the bandsmen alone or on the few public-spirited individuals who support it. A grant from the council would be a grant subscribed to by all ratepayers, as is only fair and reasonable. We trust the band will not be discouraged, but will again present their case, and we think a grant of at least \$150. per annum would not be misplaced. Vernon gives \$250. yearly to her Fire Brigade Band, and their performances are judged to be excellent return for the money.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS for the building of a Farm House and several other buildings, at the south end of Long Lake, will be received by the undersigned up to noon on Feb. 15th. Tenders to include labour and materials, or labour only. Drawings and specifications may be seen at the Courier Office.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

M. P. WILLIAMS,
26-2t Vernon, B. C.

STRAYED.

TO the premises of C. A. R. Lambly at Peachland about the 1st of November, one red cow, muley with white face and belly, long hair hanging from inner side of ears, ear marks, V from end of right, large semi-circle from under part of left. Brands, 69 on right hip, hook, turned as figure six, on left hip. Owner may claim same, by paying for advertisement and feed.

Apply to
24-4t E. J. Hayward, Peachland, B. C.

FOR SALE

Dry cottonwood. Apply P. O. Box 8,
22-4t Kelowna.

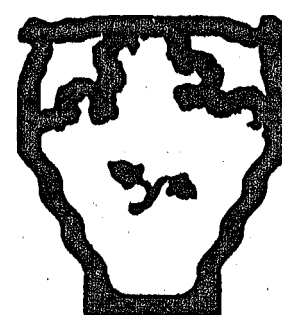
ICE! ICE! ICE!

ICE will be supplied from Stirling's Pond, cut and delivered to any part of the city. Order early from,

24-4t H. BURTON,
Bankhead Ranch, Kelowna.

The People's Store

BUGS BUGS BUGS



Now is the time to kill the pests on your fruit trees and we have the ingredients to manufacture sprays for that purpose viz. SULPHUR, SALT AND LYE.

Come in and get our quotations before buying elsewhere.

Our sale is now over but we still have a table of specials to offer you. Come in and see them.

A fresh stock of all kinds groceries etc, always on hand.

THOMAS LAWSON.

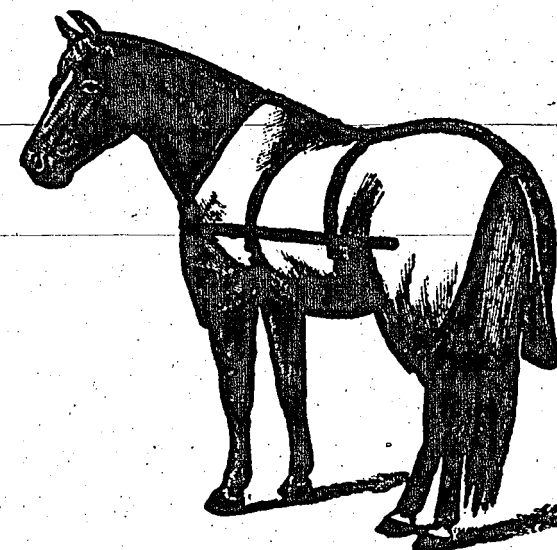
Headquarters for the Economical Buyer

H. . COOPER,

Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of Harness, Saddles, Horse Furnishings, Etc.

The Best and Cheapest Saddlery House in the Okanagan

KELOWNA.



Kelowna Cafe!

Stop here for a Nice Cup of Tea.

Nice Home-Made Bread.

Always on hand a choice supply of Pastry, Fancy Biscuits, Shortbread, Cakes, Sponge Cakes for invalids and Lady Fingers for the children.

Try our Orange Cakes and Almond Macaroons, Home-Made Candies, Stewed Oysters, Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

H. E. Hitchcock